Mount Regis

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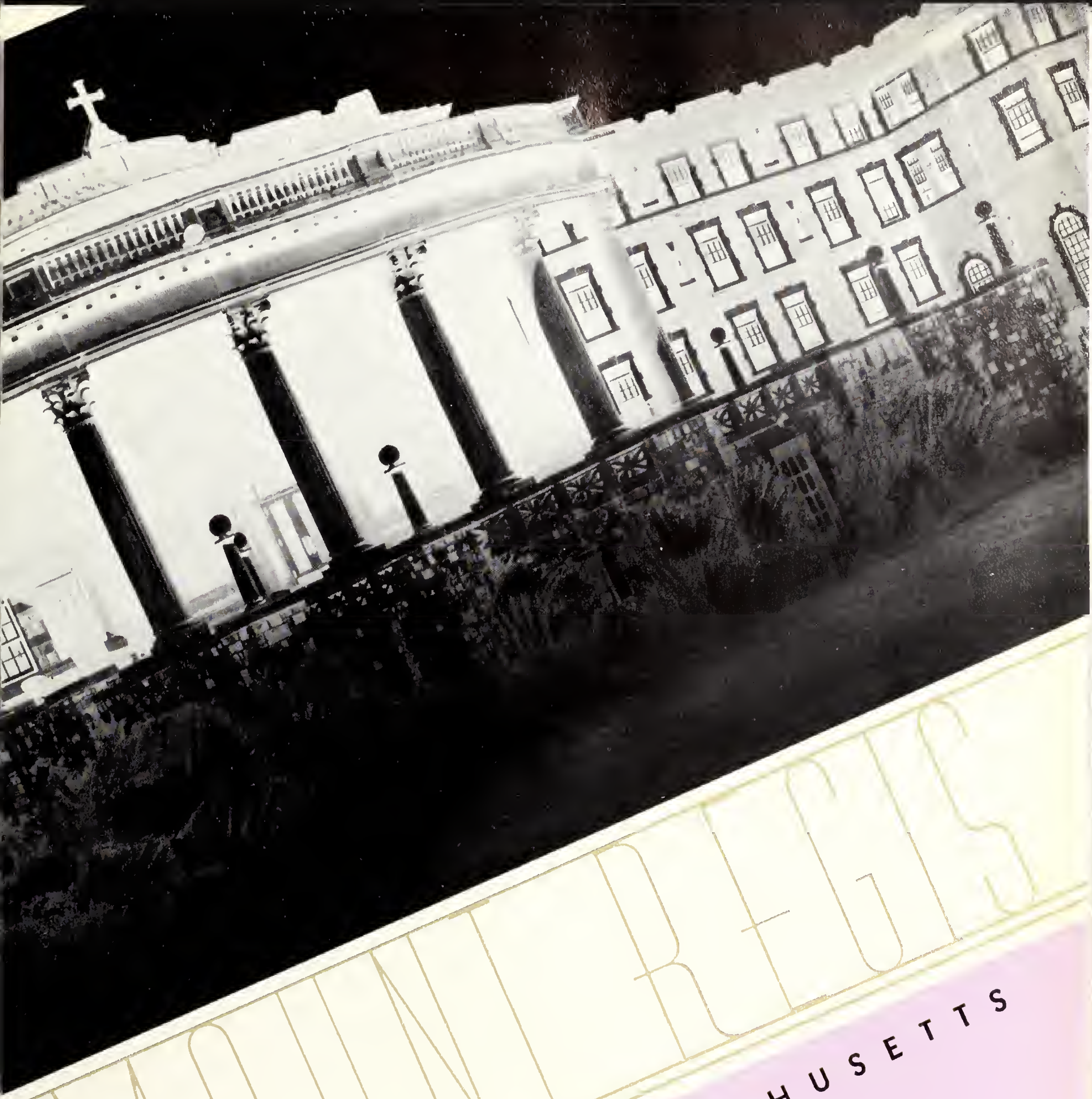
Yearbook of Regis College

The 1937



MOUNT REGIS

WESTON, MASSACHUSETTS

To Our Chaplain

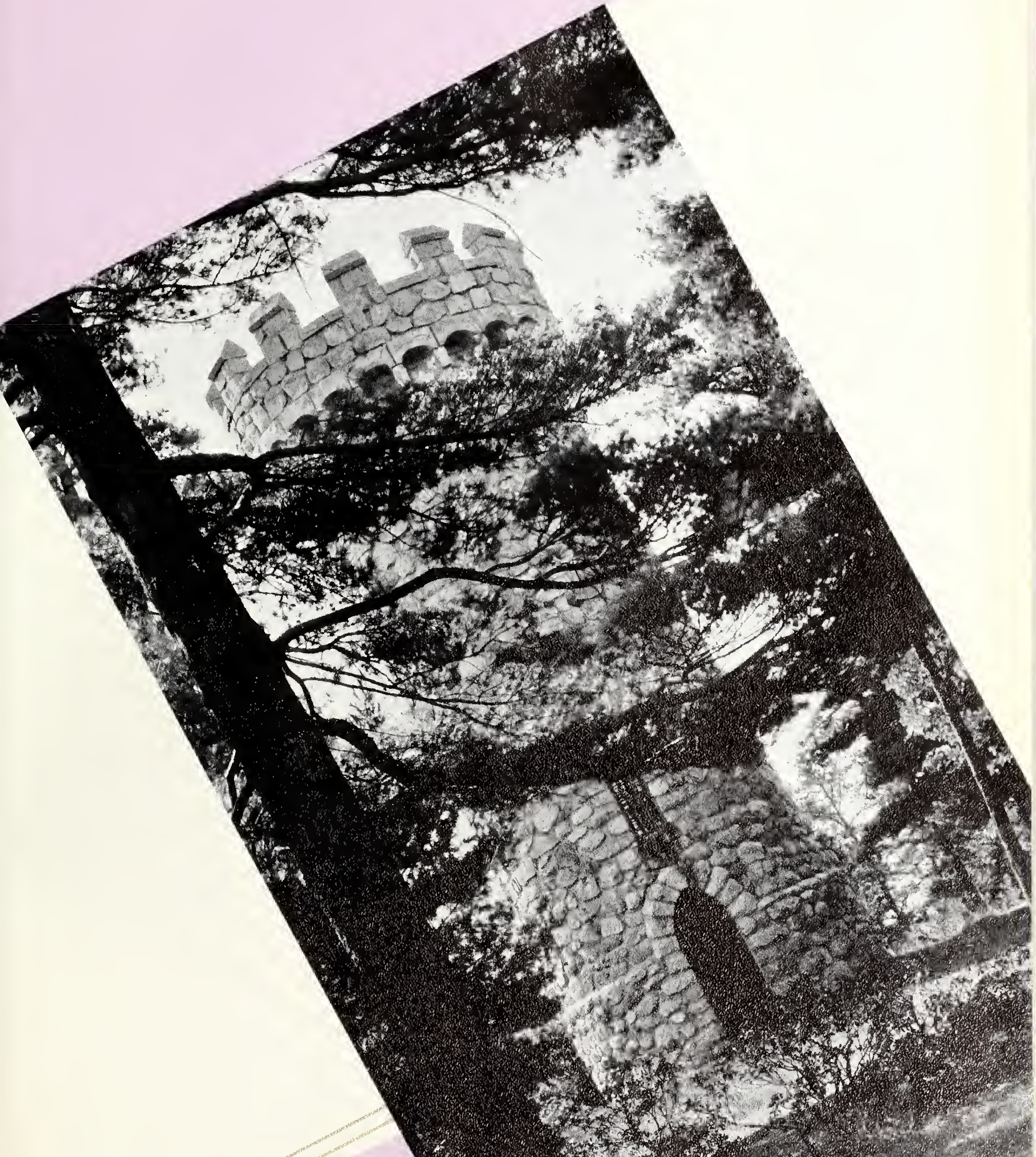
> *Whereby he is able also to save forever them that come to God by him: always living to make intercession for us.*—St. Paul to the Hebrews VII, 25.

Our dedicatory page is not engraved in golden script, but its words are dictated by our hearts. Four years ago a new chaplain and a new class entered Regis College. Father O'Kane, from those "small beginnings" to this glorious day of Graduation, you have been our best friend. You have walked among us, emanating the radiant cheeriness and the unbounded zeal for good which characterizes you. It was to you, dear Father, that we came for understanding, encouragement, and the peace of forgiveness. Day by day you have called God upon our altar and fed us with our Daily Bread. Truly is it by you that we came to God. Now we must leave the precinct of your care. But the bond is unbroken — for we will know that your prayers are with us "always living to make intercession for us." It is to you, beloved chaplain, that we humbly dedicate our yearbook — the MOUNT REGIS of 1937.

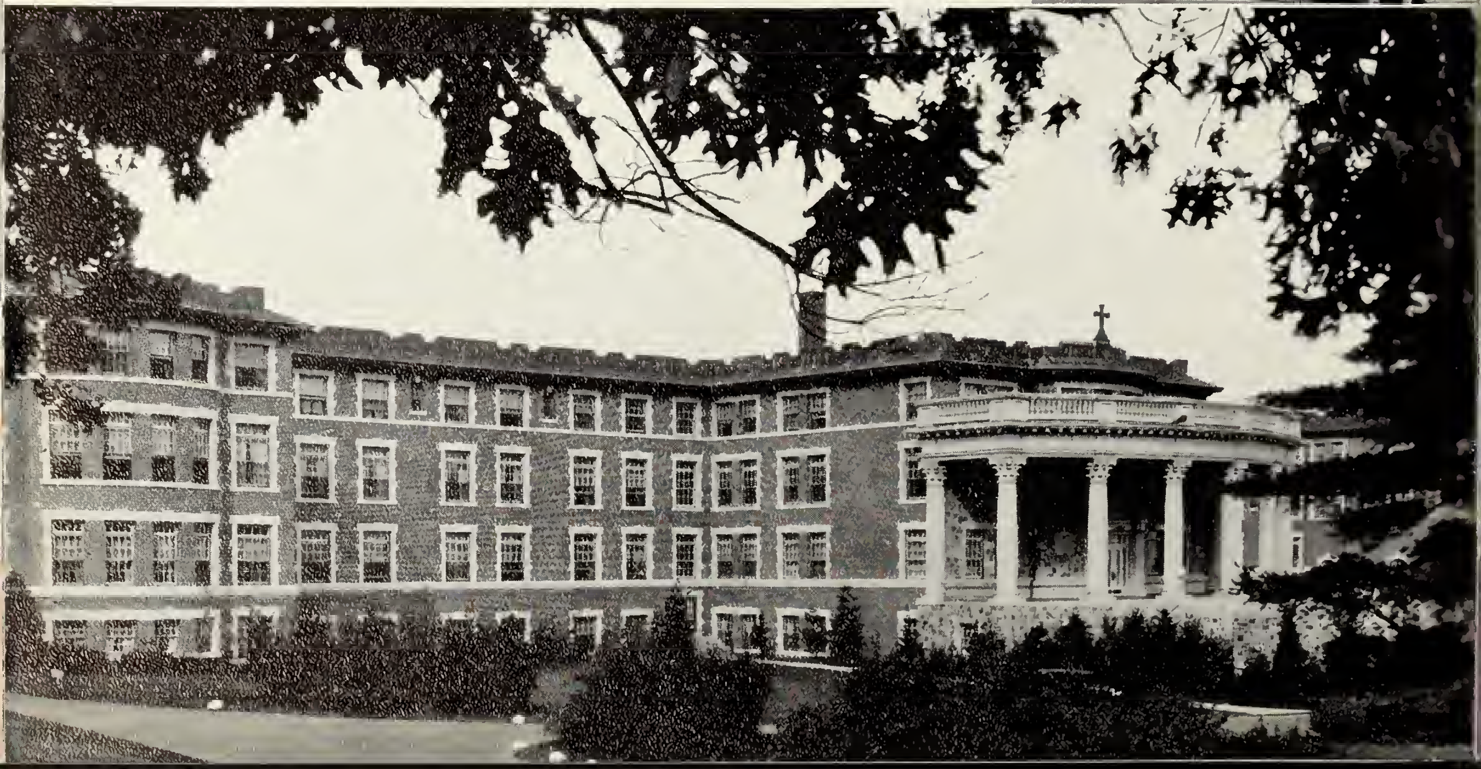
DEDICATION

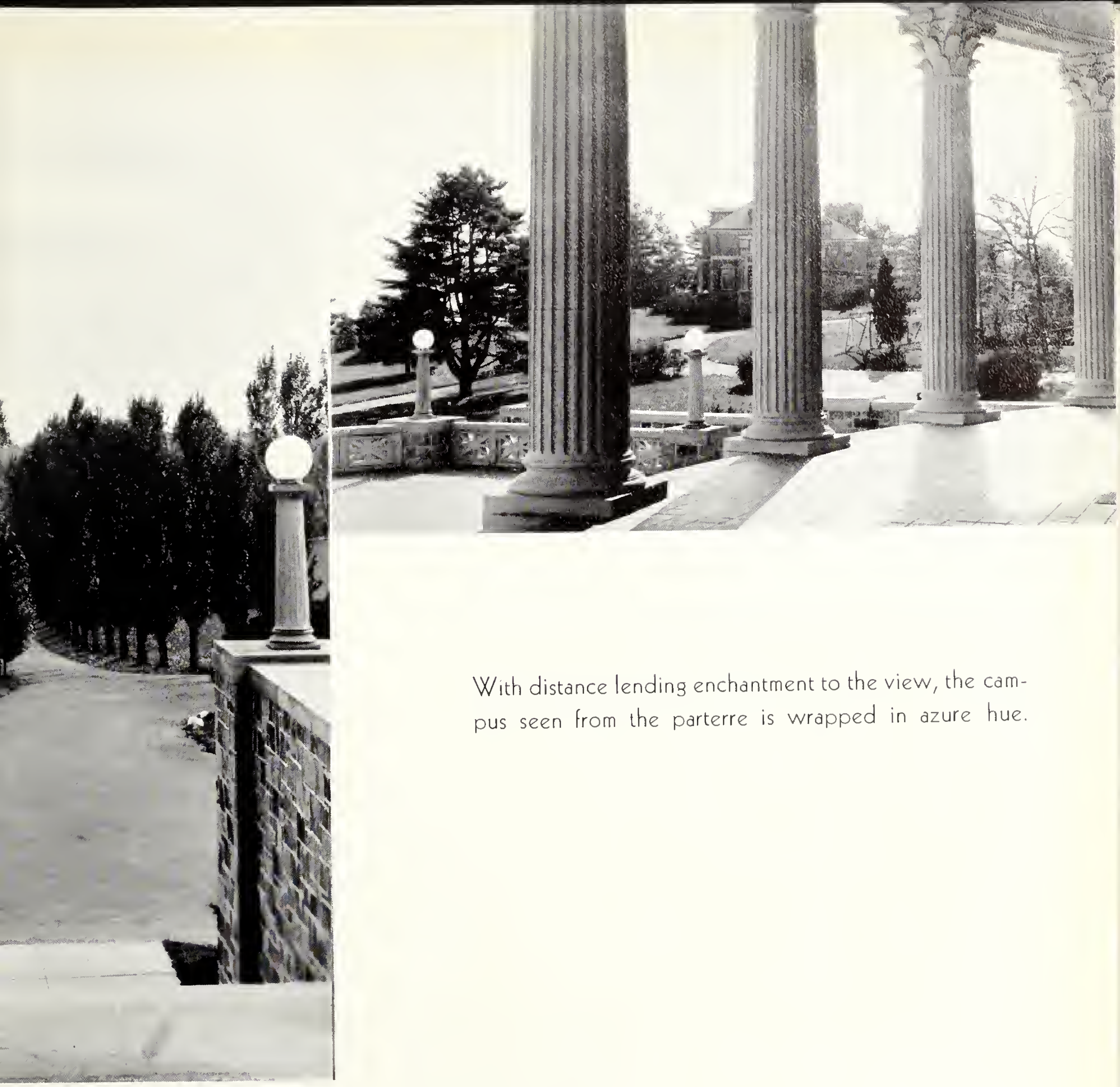
Regis Hall, overlooking the gorgeous panorama of lake and forest, has a twofold beauty — the bright and glowing elegance embellished by sunlight and the obscure and subtle loveliness shadowed by twilight.

Nothing is more suggestive of the beauty of our college
than the verdant trees glorious in the Spring foliage.



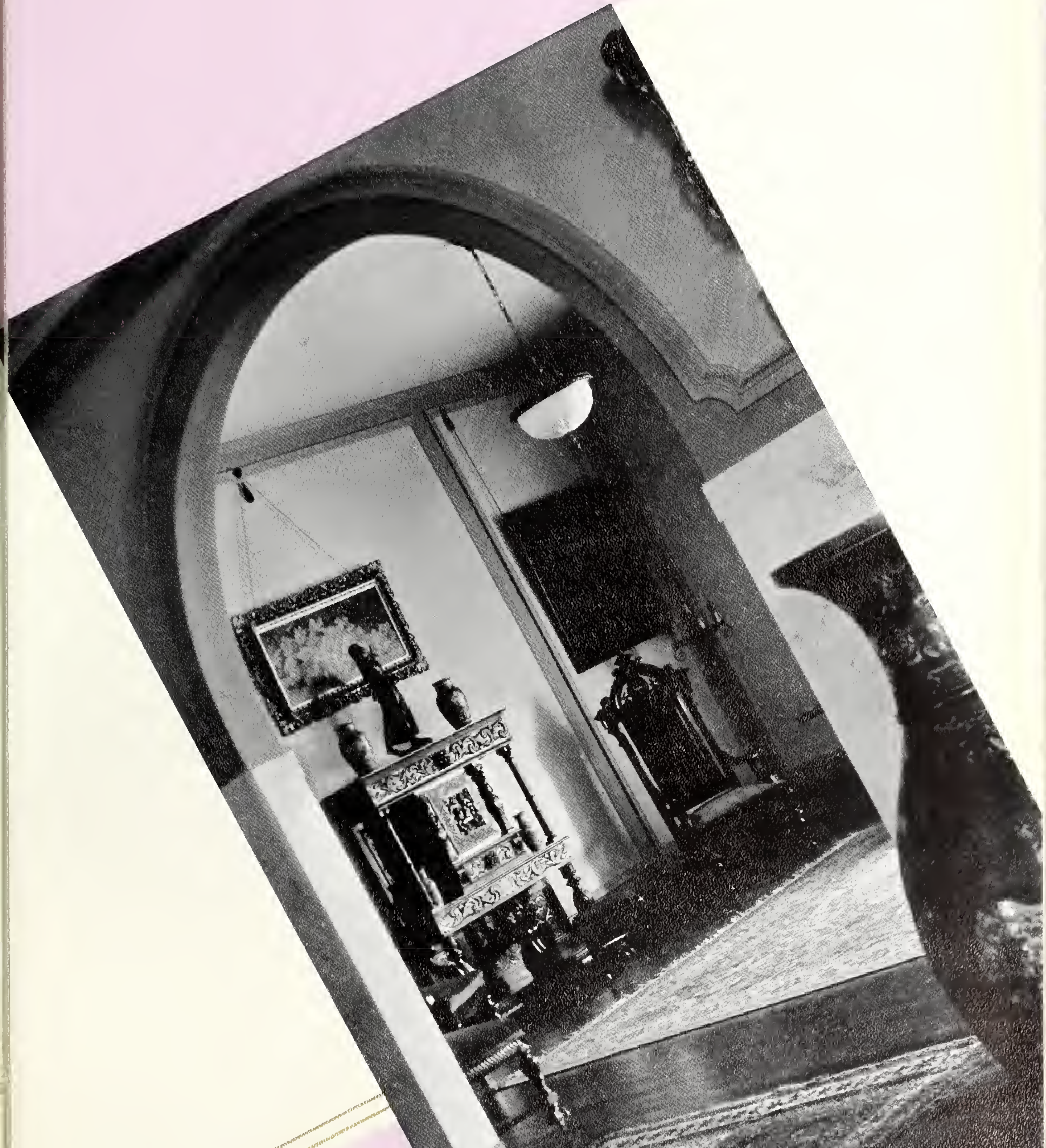
College Hall, the center of Regis, is a monument to the zealous efforts of the Sisters of St. Joseph. This edifice stands as a hushed prayer for the continued growth of our college.





With distance lending enchantment to the view, the campus seen from the parterre is wrapped in azure hue.

Views of the reception rooms will ever rekindle lasting memories of social functions.



The Library is the core of intellectual pursuits in the college. Whether it be research or relaxation, the library has afforded peaceful hours—"how sweet their memory still."

The inner views of Regis Hall depict a silent dignity amid the tumultuous scene of undergraduates passing through its portals to seek retreat from the turbulance of texts and tests.

Through the twilight of the years we shall remember the inspiring leadership of those who gave "the last full measure of devotion" that we might know and love the Way, the Truth, and the Life — our

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His Eminence William Cardinal O'Connell

Sometimes, in God's Providence, we are privileged to see our plans take shape and grow and attain to a stature and a nobility far beyond their own first promise or our highest hopes. Such a growth and maturity we witness now in Regis College; yet, it is no more than fitting recompense for the foresight and ability, and the many sacrifices of the Sisters of St. Joseph, who have guided its destinies. It is a tribute, likewise, to the devoted friends and Alumnae, who have so generously aided them, and to the students, whose application and attention to their duties have made possible the high standing which Regis College now enjoys. It is a pleasure to extend to all,—teachers, students, and alumnae, my most cordial good wishes and blessing.

W. Card. O'Connell
Abp. Boston

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Mr. Thomas F. Waters	Newton
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With our triumph near at hand—we pause to strengthen through this book the bond of loyalty that has existed through the four golden years among the ardent members of our . . .

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President

Senior Class Officers

Elizabeth Donovan
Vice-President

Generosa Hagan
Secretary

Pauline Cunningham
Treasurer

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SENIOR

But seemingly a few short days ago, we were as the Freshmen now are . . . welcomed by spirited Sophomores . . . then ourselves guiding neophytic plebes to the Pierian spring . . . fumes from the laboratory forgotten in the fragrance of three, nay, four short Springs, with the endless

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CLASS

whirl and vision of fleeting phantasy blending to the slow rhythm of the Graduation march . . . short days ago we were as the Freshmen now are . . . but now tomorrow, we join the endless procession of those who have gone before.

Mary Pauline Boyle, A.B.

1446 Cambridge Street
Cambridge, Massachusetts

"Know old Cambridge? Hope you do.
Born there? Don't say so! I was too."

My arrival into this world was just one more minor event in the day's happenings. However, it was of supreme importance to my dear mother and proud daddy. The oft repeated phrase, "What shall we name the baby?", was not heard in my home for "Mary" was to be the name. On the whole, memories of childhood days are obscure, yet I remember very definitely the first day of school, a day of wonderment and delight. There was no royal road to learning for me, so I spent a year in each grade. I found experiences at high school far more colorful and fascinating than in the grades. In June 1933, I was among the happy graduates of Cambridge High and Latin School. The transition from high school to college was more marked. There my expectations reached their culmination in the four most enjoyable and beneficial years of my life. My field of concentration in English, while arduous and exacting, opened up new vistas and introduced me into realms of learning and culture. And what of the future? My plans are indefinite but I hope either to attend the Harvard School of Education or to teach high school.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3; Treasurer 4. Der Deutsche Verein 1, 2. Historical Club 3; Treasurer 4. Louis Pasteur Club 1, 2. Dramatic Club 3; Vice-President 4. Athletic Association 1, 2. Regis Herald Staff, Assistant Business Manager 4. MOUNT REGIS *Staff, Business Manager. Junior Prom Committee. Ethelon Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Reading Club 1, 2.*

Dorothy Marie Brabazon, B.S.

100 Wilmington Avenue
Dorchester, Massachusetts

Between the fall of 1933 and the spring of 1937, I have lived four scholastic years, full and memorable. Young and irresponsible, at the age of seventeen, I made my formal adit to Regis; older and wiser, I make my exit. I came with a strong ambition and a firm determination to pursue secretarial subjects; I leave with a well-founded knowledge and excellent preparation for the perfect secretary. Struggling through those endless days and nights, pouring over the secretary's manual, brought a just reward through the Dean's List, at first an illusory goal and then a firm reality.

Practical experience in my favored field was gained through summer employment in the office of the Bank Commissioner at the State House. To me, my college education has meant not only a worthy effort but the golden opportunity to prove that through the ideals set down by my Alma Mater, I could "grow in wisdom and knowledge." College days mark the consummation of the cycle of youth, a period of mental and moral growth. Forward I go to reap a fruitful harvest from the seeds sown at Regis.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Le Cenacle Litteraire 1, 2. El Circulo Espanol 3, 4. Louis Pasteur Club 1, 2. Secretarial Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Dramatic Club 4. Athletic Association 1, 2.

Mary Joan Caldbeck, B.S.

31 North Avenue
St. Johnsbury, Vermont

EVIDENTLY MY English instructor considers that "everyone should be his or her own Boswell." This assignment of writing a biography is a "necessary evil" and must be fulfilled under pain of dreadful consequences, so behold my attempt! Being a shy, modest, and retiring member of the class, I have but little to say. After struggling through four memorable years of college, I find myself the same sweet girl that I was when I came from that "great maple sugar center of the world." This absence of change surprises me, for my first collegiate impression was, that by Commencement, the old "Cal" would somehow disappear, to be replaced by an entirely new personality. Alas, no such metamorphosis has taken place!

Be that as it may, I feel that these four years at Regis have provided me with valuable training in many fields, but especially in the practical and interesting department of Home Economics, besides contributing everlasting friendships and novel experiences. Not being loquacious, I conclude with the hope that Fortune will lead me to a realization of the position in life to which college days have been a prelude.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Louis Pasteur Club 1, 2, 3. Home Economics Club 1, 2, 3; Vice-President 4. Ethelon Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Glee Club 1, 2. Athletic Association 1, 2; Secretary 3; Vice-President 4. Junior Prom Committee.

Marguerite Rita Chartier, A.B.

11 Hawkins Street
Danielson, Connecticut

It has been the bane of my four years at Regis to be obliged when asked from where I came, to explain by the process of proximity to places which *are* on the map, just *where* Danielson is. The one redeeming feature about this geographical question is that Danielson is a quaint little New England town and that *I* am the *sole* representative from this district of Connecticut.

There are many features of college life that I shall remember: that feeling of proverbial greenness which belongs exclusively to Freshmen, my herculean efforts to master Inorganic Chemistry, my activities on the Junior Prom committee, my many jaunts to Boston College for rehearsals of *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, and *Les P'tites Michu*, the French Club, and a host of other happy memories which time will never efface.

I decided early to concentrate in French, a choice which I never for a moment regretted, despite that famous course in *l'Histoire de la Civilisation française* and those dreaded comprehensive exams!

My greatest ambition after college is to go abroad and to spend a year in "La Belle France." It is more likely, however, that I shall find myself enrolled in the ranks of a teacher, fortified by the noble ideals fostered at Regis.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Le Cenacle Litteraire 1, 2, 3; President 4. Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4. Der Deutsche Verein 1. Glee Club 1, 2. Historical Club 2. Reading Club 1, 2, 4. Sigma Tau Phi 4. Schola Cantorum 4. Ethelon Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Junior Prom Committee.

Mary Elizabeth Conlon, B.S.

46 Atkins Street
Brighton, Massachusetts

What can one pen about a childhood, most uneventful! Personally, I think the fact that I gashed my chin on a rusty nail would not be of interest to you, reader, and yet, as I reminisce, this event was the major catastrophe of my younger days.

My life's ambition really commenced with aspirations to be a nurse, but this castle of dreams was soon shattered when my family insisted that I go to college. This advice raises the score of good parental judgments, for my Florence Nightingale dreams of yore have now been supplanted by an avid interest in sewing. As for teaching this art—that remains to be seen. If my fondest hopes do transcend into the field of reality, I shall be sending notices about the latest fashion show to be presented at my Fifth Avenue Shop, or even my Newbury Street Shoppe. Here will be found all types of fashions from the latest in sports to the most *décolleté* gowns. Circulars, guaranteeing special attention to all Regisites, will accompany these invitations and will grant assurance that all gowns will be "different."

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Louis Pasteur Club 1, 2. Home Economics Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Ethelon Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Glee Club 1, 2, 3; President 4. Dramatic Club 4. Athletic Association 1. Schola Cantorum 2, 3, 4. Junior Prom Committee.

Helen Elizabeth Connolly, A.B.

11 Wilson Street
Natick, Massachusetts

It all started on the twentieth day of May in the year of grace, 1915. The only pertinent fact regarding my early days is that there were no "midyears" in grammar school. (I did break my slate one day in 1924, but that really is not significant, is it?) The sage who observed that there are three important events in one's life—birth, marriage, and death—should have been more generous. Of the first I recall nothing, of the second, well, I admit nothing, and of the third, I do not care to think.

In recording the major events of my life, I must unquestionably include my four years at Regis, years that have furnished a wealth of memories: memories of carefree Freshman days, when a car in the parking space and a pink driver's license held more attraction for me than Latin or Logic; Sophomore memories of struggling through Philosophy; Junior Week, the peak of my career; and, most important of all, the week of weeks which aroused in the hearts of Seniors a feeling of anticipatory titillation—Commencement. As I survey the four truly happiest years of my life, I recall a quotation from Lord Tennyson who epitomizes my sentiments at this moment—"So sad, so fresh the days that are no more."

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Le Cenacle Litteraire 1, 2, 3, 4. Louis Pasteur Club 1. Regis Herald Staff, Associate Business Manager 4. Class Secretary 3. Junior Prom Committee.

Anna Helen Connors, A.B.

1232 Brook Road
East Milton, Massachusetts

My career at Regis has been short, due to the fact that I divided my time, evenly enough, between two colleges. During my Freshman and Sophomore years, at Radcliffe College, I drudged away at all those prescriptions for mind broadening; sciences, languages, and history. Once, yielding to a wild impulse, I indulged in a course in Slavic (the catalogue called it *Slavic 1A*) in other words, Russian. In fact, I was launched full swing into it as a major—thereby identifying myself, along with the only other girl in the same field, as a college curiosity.

But Russia is too far away and beyond the reach of one lone female to reform, so I decided to come to Regis and learn how to reform those nearer home. With much ado, I began my incubation period as a social worker. Ever since, I have been prowling about Boston on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, in my efforts to impress upon many poor unfortunates what an acquisition I am to any social service bureau! I hope that in the near future, at least one of these agencies will recognize my ability to aid suffering humanity.

Students' Spiritual Council 3, 4. *Historical Club* 4. *Ethelon Club* 3, 4.

Anne Theresa Cox, A.B.

216 North Street
New Bedford, Massachusetts

Growing more poignant, more vivid, more egotistical in retrospect, I fear to dwell on memories of early life—I fear childhood's careless tune, living a life in one brief moon. Sufficient to say, I came to college and after the water started to flow more gently under the proverbial bridge, I lost my all-consuming fear of doing anything uncollegiate. Hailing from New Bedford, and ably endowed with vocal ability to defend the whale as the backbone of America, I had a penchant for any type of argument. Too much had been said to me about conversation as a lost art! As a natural outlet then, my first public appearance was in the silver-tongued field of oratory, with dulcet tones persuading the audience that Bacon wrote the literature commonly attributed to Shakespeare.

Four years—they have quickly fled—years of clutching the elusive hand of the spirit of knowledge, days of clutching a bow and arrow in terpsichorean attempts in *Robin Hood*, hours of clutching typewritten sheets partially ready for press, moments of clutching the desire to emit the great American novel! Wielding the red pencil of editorship has shown me that my literary fancy is a masterpiece of overestimation—the way of a dreamer!

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Der Deutsche Verein 1, 2. Historical Club 2, 3, 4. Louis Pasteur Club 1, 2. Ethelon Club 1, 2. Glee Club 1; Treasurer 2. Dramatic Club 3; President 4. Athletic Association 1, 2. Orchestra 1, 2. Regis Herald Staff, Circulation Manager 4; Reading Club 4. MOUNT REGIS *Staff, Editor-in-Chief. Junior Prom Committee. Class Treasurer 1. Debating Team 1, 2.*

Miriam Frances Cunningham, B.S.

446 Main Street
Waltham, Massachusetts

The first day of Spring, when all life in Mother Nature is renewed, made a very appropriate date for my birth. The early years of my childhood are merely a series of recollections of carefree and joyous days. From the age of seven until my graduation from grammar school I spent at Marycliff Academy, Arlington. Here I received my First Communion and Confirmation. Later I continued my education elsewhere—Notre Dame in Tyngsboro and Elmhurst in Providence.

In the Fall of 1933 I entered Regis, somewhat bewildered, confused, and excited. The life was all so new and different and week succeeded week in too rapid succession. Four years, so quickly passed, and yet each single occasion seemed to mark a new epoch. Certain memories stand out as milestones—practice for Regis formation in Freshman days, weeks of preparation for Junior Week, and rehearsals for Commencement Play. Recollections of these events make me realize that I owe all to my parents who so graciously made them possible. Now I face the world, fortified to meet friend or foe, with one thought uppermost in mind: "Saturday's child must work for her living."

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Le Cenacle Litteraire 1, 2. Louis Pasteur Club 1. Secretarial Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Ethelon Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Glee Club 1, 2. Dramatic Club 4. Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4. Schola Cantorum 2, 3. Junior Prom Committee.

Virginia Mary Cunningham, B.S.

446 Main Street
Waltham, Massachusetts

Regis—how proud I am of thee and of thy gifts! What honor I owe thee; what wealth of memories you have given me! Freshman year I was registered as a resident student, electing the B. S. H. E. course. Chemistry, Physics and Physiology were my chief tormentors; the first subject being most powerful in arousing dreadful premonitions. My fears were not in vain, for previous to the end of my chemical career, someone *did* ignite hydrogen too precipitously! Do you remember, Eileen? Whether scientific problems were too ponderous or business adventure too luring, I know not. At any rate, Sophomore year found me deep in the intricacies of Secretarial Training courses.

Henceforth, the days passed on the fleeting wings of time. Now, from out these transient joys, comes the realization that there will be no more frantic rushing to nine o'clock classes; no more stimulating banter in the locker room; no more serious practice for Commencement; no more carefree week-ends after exams; no more sighing resignation to difficult courses. Come what may, my courses have prepared me for a place in the business world, while my Religion and Ethics courses have shown me the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. El Circulo Espanol 3, 4. Louis Pasteur Club 1. Home Economics Club 1. Secretarial Club 2, 3, 4. Ethelon Club 1. Glee Club 1, 2. Dramatic Club 4. Senior Week Chairman.

Pauline Louise Cunningham, A.B.

419 Cranston Street
Providence, Rhode Island

The outstanding recollection of Freshman year is Chemistry "lab" and my determination never to be a chemist. Sophomore year found me equally determined never to major languages. Livy and Horace haunt me yet! The only advantage I could see to the German course was the Friday night privilege of going to town to the Fine Arts Theater. Economics, although the period seemed interminably long, was more appealing; history was most interesting; but people and their problems were absorbing. Hence I chose Sociology as a major. Field work in Junior and Senior years gave me ample opportunity to apply the theoretical knowledge which I obtained in class. Even the elation of possessing Freshman Sisters and the expectation of the Junior Prom paled in contrast to the novel experiences enjoyed in this chosen career. With the exception of a few scholastic worries as a political science student and the financial fears of a class treasurer, life has been full and rich these four years.

My scope has broadened, my vision has increased in range above the sphere of scholastic pursuits. Nourishing ambitions, developing friendships, increasing in knowledge, Regis has stood me in good stead. So trained that I do not fear life, I will henceforth thrive on the memories of Regis "where my happy heart had rest."

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Le Cenacle Litteraire 1. Der Deutsche Verein 2, 3. Historical Club 2. Louis Pasteur Club 1. Ethelon Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Glee Club 1, 2. Athletic Association 1, 2. Schola Cantorum 3. Class Treasurer 4.

Marie Patricia Donahoe, A.B.

19 Wilson Street
Natick, Massachusetts

After having managed, with due effort, to become a senior at Natick High School, I soon dropped my hard-earned superiority to enter Regis as just one of the many proverbial Freshmen. Two years flew by, and in the little time that could be spared from clubs, parties, and other social activities—to say nothing of classes—I pondered deeply on my future. At length the great decision was reached. I would be a journalist! With keen enthusiasm I enrolled as an English major, and for the remaining two years, life consisted mainly of poetry, prose, journalism, and the other phases of the varied English courses given at Regis. However, with Senior year came the opportunity of practice teaching at Mount Saint Joseph Academy, and a change in my life's aim. To the great loss of the literary world, I have decided to renounce my intention of writing and to devote to the youth of America the vast store of knowledge that I have acquired at my Alma Mater! In other words, I am going to teach. I only ask that the years to come may be as complete in true friends and happy hours as the past have been.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Le Cenacle Litteraire 1, 2, 3, 4. Louis Pasteur Club 1. Ethelon Club 1. Glee Club 4. Dramatic Club 1, 4. Athletic Association 1. Regis Herald Staff, Exchange Editor 4.

Elizabeth Theresa Donovan, A.B.

22 Bowker Street
Brookline, Massachusetts

My educational journey has been composed of many milestones, but the one I have just accomplished will endure eternally, entombed in my innermost thoughts. Appreciation compels me to pause and offer a prayer of thanks to God, who has so favored me with the health, faith, and acumen which have made this milestone possible. I owe moreover, my development of character and refinement at Regis in a great extent to the gentle guidance and efficacious endeavors of my parents and teachers.

The happiest of my student days in retrospect will be rendered even more blissful by the remembrance of my classmates and by the lasting friendships which I have formed. At Regis, my course of study and my preference has been in the realm of science, Chemistry being my major pursuit and Biology, my related subject. I have loved my work and sincerely aspire to adhere to its principles in the days to come. In my post-college life, I shall endeavor to live those ideals with which I have been instilled, that the repute of Regis will endure, actually as well as symbolically, in kingly leadership.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Le Cenacle Litteraire 1, 2. Louis Pasteur Club 1, 2, 3; President 4. Ethelon Club 1. Dramatic Club 3; Treasurer 4. Athletic Association 1. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4. Class Vice-President 1, 4. Debating Team 2.

Doris Florence Duchaine, A.B.

3572 Acushnet Avenue
New Bedford, Massachusetts

I ENTERED Regis to the tune of the "Last Round-up." Perhaps it was significant; at least it seemed so to me amid the loneliness and confusion of this new life. When the terrors of initiation week had subsided and friendships began to be formed and the tune had passed into the limbo of forgotten songs, it was then I realized what college could be.

Entering my Sophomore year with a determination to be a mathematician, I planned my course of studies accordingly. My acquaintance with the Classics also began—and ended—in this year. It was in my Junior year, while still determined to be Einstein's successor, that I offered my contribution to the far-famed Science Exhibit. The longed for Senior year arrived, bringing to a climax the multiple joys of Regis. Yet in all those memorable occasions was a regret that this year would be the end of my college life. In the years to come, fondly I shall remember my professors and my friends and always proclaim Regis days as the happiest period of my life.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Le Cenacle Litteraire 1. Der Deutsche Verein 2, 3; President 4. Historical Club 2. Louis Pasteur Club 1, 3, 4. Ethelon Club 1. Glee Club 2. Schola Cantorum 2, 3. Mathematics Club, Secretary 4.

Madeline Theresa Dwyer, A.B.

Atlantic Avenue
Gloucester, Massachusetts

With the usual importance felt by all Freshmen, I entered Regis with a double intention: to procure both an A.B. degree and a teacher's certificate. With French honors gained during my Senior year in Gloucester High, and the experience of tutoring in the subject, I was doubly sure that French would be my major. But after my first hour of *la littérature française*, I emerged from the class a sadder and a wiser "Maddie". Immediately I concentrated on History, my favorite subject of grammar school days, with Social Sciences as my related subject.

Alas! the time at Regis has sped too rapidly—from the Freshman year, when I wearily trudged up the Alps with Hannibal, visited Horace on his Sabine farm, and approached my French literature with timidity. Junior year saw me wading through those dignified subjects of Education, Psychology, and Renascence History. October second brought Seniority with Cap and Gown. During this last year I have become slightly acquainted with the government of the United States, and with the aid of *The Boston Herald* have tried to live up to an original quote that "A current event a day keeps the history prof's frown away." However, when the portals of Regis close behind me on June 4th, I feel certain that I shall never regret my more studious moments spent within these hallowed walls.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Sigma Tau Phi 1. Le Cenacle Litteraire 1, 2. Historical Club 2; Secretary 3, 4. Louis Pasteur Club 1. Ethelon Club 1, 2, 3. Glee Club 1, 2, 3. Dramatic Club 3, 4. Athletic Association 1, 2. Reading Club 4. Junior Prom Committee.

Ruth Maxwell Elliot, B.S.

54 Bigelow Street
Lawrence, Massachusetts

Having a natural wanderlust, I did not hesitate, when the time came for me to decide upon a school of higher education, to choose Mt. St. Vincent College in Halifax, Nova Scotia. I must admit that after living in the United States where big cities are plentiful it did seem strange to live in a country where the cities are few and far between. Nevertheless I enjoyed myself for a period of two years in those "great northern woods." Then home shores appealed to me so my Junior year found me at Regis.

Here everything seemed so different; a new college, new faces, a new atmosphere. In a short time I was made to feel as though I had been with my classmates from Freshman days. The Junior year was a crowded one, climaxed by Junior Week with its Mothers' Bridge, Prom, and Tea all of which passed rapidly. Soon I found myself garbed in Cap and Gown, assuming the rôle of a high and mighty Senior. One by one the weeks rolled into months and now comes graduation, bringing to a close one of the most enjoyable periods of my life.

Students' Spiritual Council 3, 4. Louis Pasteur Club 3, 4. Home Economics Club 3, 4. Ethelon Club 4. Athletic Association 4.

Mary Edwina Foley, B.S.

184 North Beacon Street
Watertown, Massachusetts

On a bright sunny morning in the coldest month of the year, I was initiated into the Foley household. With the coming of baby sister two years later, I had a very enjoyable and memorable childhood sprinkled with the trials of school, music lessons, and every disease considered worth catching. For my preparatory school work, I was sent to Mount St. Joseph Academy in Brighton where I spent many happy hours in study, music, and recreation.

With the advent of high school, I chose the classical course in preparation for entrance to Regis College. My academic work never interfered with my study of music. Every spare moment was spent in trying one instrument or another until I finally decided to concentrate on the cornet and the piano. My persevering effort was repaid, when in my Senior year, I was appointed director of the school orchestra and received honors at graduation. Then came the hectic, nervous, anxious days of a college Freshman with all its joys and sorrows. Quickly the years have passed, years filled with assignments, examinations, sports, social activities, and most important of all, friends. Now as a Senior, I am looking forward to the years ahead, carrying with me fond memories and knowledge acquired in the years which have passed.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Le Cenacle Litteraire 1, 2. El Circulo Espanol 3. Louis Pasteur Club 1. Secretarial Club 1, 2, 3; President 4. Ethelon Club 1, 2. Glee Club 2. Athletic Association 1. Orchestra, Director 1; Treasurer 2, 3; Secretary 4. Junior Prom Committee.

Grace Risegari Gai, A.B.

21 Central Street
Auburndale, Massachusetts

Two RATHER notable things occurred one April day some twenty odd years ago. Admiral Peary discovered the North Pole, and I was born. My scholastic life really commenced a few years later, when I entered the Newton Schools. Along the scholar's path, I varied my high school studies with cheer leading, basketball, tap dancing, and a class officership. Extra-curricula activities were, however, subordinate to preparation for college.

When I finally entered Regis, it was hardly as a stranger for during my sister's college years, Regis had become familiar ground to me. Studies and athletics kept me extremely busy during my first year. Winning the medal at the 1934 swimming meet and participating in the basketball tournament were the principal features. Upon becoming an upperclassman, I was elected Chairman of Junior Week activities, an honor more prized because of the loyal cooperation of my classmates. In fields of scholastic prowess, I was elected to the double office of President of El Circulo Español and Editor of *The Guadalupan.* As I review my educational career I see that Regis College has given me all those gifts for which I dared to hope: ambition, education, friends, loyalty, and the loveliest of memories.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Sigma Tau Phi 1. El Circulo Espanol 2, 3; President 4. Italian Club 4. Der Deutsche Verein 1, 2. Louis Pasteur Club 1. Ethelon Club 1, 2. Glee Club 4. Dramatic Club 3. Athletic Association 1; Secretary 2, 3, 4. Junior Prom Chairman. Schola Cantorum 4.

Anne Louise Gallagher, A.B.

30 Marble Street
Worcester, Massachusetts

There is no need for me to record the date of my birth. It is marked down in some dusty tome, to be disturbed only when occasion may demand. So far, I have had a cosmopolitan existence, being born in Providence, educated in Manchester, and living in Worcester.

Freshman incongruities recall limited knowledge of the Regis campus and a trip with "Phyl" to the Science "lab", terminating most unexpectedly in Weston! Outstanding reminiscences of Sophomore year are a laborious application to study especially in the German class, and a vacillating mind due to the choice of a major subject. Sociology it was to be, and the field work in Junior year provided the realization of my desire to aid the less fortunate. Happy indeed, was my Senior year when I acquired a roommate, my Cap and Gown, achieved success in my studies by "making" the Dean's List, and took an active part in Senior activities. Another milestone in my life is over; no matter what the world may hold, it is a happy thought that in the future, I may well review my college days and say that, although the task was hard, the reward is mine.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. *El Circulo Espanol* 2, 3. *Louis Pasteur Club* 1, 2. *Der Deutsche Verein* 1, 2. *Ethelon Club* 3, 4. *Glee Club* 1, 2. *Athletic Association* 2, 3.

Elizabeth Roche Goulding, A.B.

Fairhaven Road
Concord, Massachusetts

For four years now I have been rushing—to the train in the morning; to Madeline's room for ink; and to the locker room for forgotten notebooks—between bells; to Weston for refreshments; and to the bus in the late afternoon. Even such things as 2000 word themes have been rushed through the night before they were due; and incidentally this bit of prose is being typed by the early morning light, exactly two hours from the deadline. Forgetfulness is another characteristic which I seem to possess—especially forgetfulness in reporting to justify my absence from classes!

Then, along with everything else, the jeers of fun-loving classmates have always been forthcoming, for I have had the ill luck of coming from the "wide open spaces" of Concord and of having my birthday fall on that day of days—April Fool's Day. Nobody seems to appreciate, that back in 1915, April 1st fell on Holy Thursday so that actually I cannot be quite as bad as I am pictured. Anyway it has all been fun and it does not seem possible that my four years are over and that I am to face the world—as a social worker, at that!

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Le Cenacle Litteraire 1, 2. Historical Club 1. Louis Pasteur Club 1. Ethelon Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Dramatic Club 3. Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4. Reading Club 2.

Generosa Claire Hagan, B.S.

12 Fairbanks Road
Milton, Massachusetts

Since I have no claim to greatness and since I am not a writer, this masterpiece about myself must of necessity be brief. Friend and foe alike will probably remember me in the future, not as a brilliant scholar, but rather as the dispenser of disturbing announcements in the "caf," as the girl who frequently missed classes, and finally as the proverbial thorn who lessened everyone's allowances. Perhaps in the not too distant future, some of my classmates may remember me as one who dabbled a bit in basketball, track, and swimming.

One of my many wishes is that the future will be as carefree and joyous as were my days at Regis. Beneath my happy smile has been the realization and the appreciation of the ideals of Regis, a cognizance of the true worth of a Catholic education. I am very thankful that among the profitable things I have gained from Regis are everlasting friends, a growing ambition, and finally a more worthwhile life ahead of me because of the Catholic principles inculcated during my days at Regis.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Louis Pasteur Club 1, 2, 3. Home Economics Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Ethelon Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Athletic Association 1, 2, 3; President 4. Class Vice-President 3; Secretary 4. Junior Prom Committee.

Grace Elinor Hayes, A.B.

7 Emerson Street
Peabody, Massachusetts

In beginning his autobiography, Benvenuto Cellini declared, "All men who have done anything of excellence or which may properly resemble excellence, ought, if they are persons of truth and honesty, to describe their own life with their own hands, and they ought not to attempt so fine an enterprise till they have passed the age of forty." While far from the age of forty, and having done nothing of excellence and yet remaining a person of truth and honesty, I must, on demand, describe my life. However, I still think Cellini had the right idea!

Some twenty years ago, I was born and secured my pre-school education in the city in which I now reside. My early years at Regis were ones of confusion, long study—especially in Latin—and joyful week-ends. Junior and Senior years found me engaged in a hard-fought struggle on the History field, and with my two steadfast comrades (Marguerite and Madeline) I did not fight in vain. Now as my college days parade before me, a sadness overcomes me as I see those wonderful days of youth terminating. Through this mist of sadness, however, I can still see the many happy memories of carefree days, of good times, and of the sincere friendships which I have enjoyed at Regis. May the thoughts of youth be long long thoughts!

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. El Circulo Espanol 1, 2. Historical Club 3; Vice-President 4. Glee Club 1, 2. Dramatic Club 3. Junior Prom Committee.

Ruth Alice Heywood, A.B.

663 County Street
Fall River, Massachusetts

Entering Regis with some other eighty bewildered students, I shone with eagerness and new clothes and made a rather vague effort to conform to what was my notion of a college Freshman. I soon learned, however, that it was far better to conform to the Regis idea of the ideal Freshman. That first year consisted mainly in adjustments to life in a Catholic school with the spectre of midyears and finals looming in the distance. Fresh from the public schools I knew little about the former and less about the latter.

Now at the brink of departure, the highlights of four years flash before my mind's eye. The altar, ready for Benediction, thrills me as it did the first time I saw it. The joy of being included among those who "made" the first Dean's List published at Regis is still a pleasant reality. The ludicrous spectacle I presented in my voluminous gym bloomers produces a reminiscent chuckle. The thought of the Science Exhibit recalls to me what a true scientist can suffer for the cause. These and other memories, together with the wonderful associations I have made while here, pass in review and bring with them a pang of regret that they must end so soon.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3; Vice-Prefect 4. Sigma Tau Phi 1, 2, 3, Treasurer 4. Der Deutsche Verein 1, 2. Historical Club 2, 3. Louis Pasteur Club 3, 4. Ethelon Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Glee Club 1, 2, 3. Reading Club 4. Mathematics Club, Vice-President 4. Schola Cantorum 2. Athletic Association 1, 2, 3.

Mary Ethel Jarvis, A.B.

683 Commonwealth Avenue
Newton Center, Massachusetts

A SCURRY OF enthusiastic girls, a series of posters announcing social functions, a group of exultant Juniors anticipating the Promenade, all these observations made during a tour of inspection, convinced me that Regis was the ideal college in which to spend my four years. I would bud forth in 1937—so I hoped—with a letter or two after my name. Of course I had other ambitions. My secret one was to become an author! If the Short Story course did not change my mind, this attempt at autobiographical work certainly discouraged any venture into the field of my former ambition. Despite the rude awakening, my life here has been most happy. I dabbled a bit in Logic, acquired enough Spanish to make me harmful, and finally settled down with English as my major, and Italian as my related subject.

Now the time has come to say au revoir—to delve into the dark recesses of my closet and start packing the accumulation of three years' hoarding—mostly English, French, and Philosophy notes. My only regret is that although I can often return to my Alma Mater, my career as a collegian is now at an end and the "cold, cruel world" is beckoning. So farewell, a fond farewell, dear Regis. May I some day do honor to thy name!

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Le Cenacle Litteraire 1, 2. El Circulo Espanol 2. Louis Pasteur Club 1. Italian Club 4. Ethelon Club 1, 2. Dramatic Club 3. Athletic Association 1, 2, 4. Orchestra 1, 2. Regis Herald Staff, News Editor 4. Junior Prom Committee.

Eleanor Frances Jarvis, B.S.

1066 Main Street
Walpole, Massachusetts

I WILL TRY, dear reader, to wrest my individuality, intact from the identical twin facing me across this page, to inform you of what I, solo, really am. I had small but proud beginnings, due to that rural haven, Walpole, and its little stone school house. It was at Mount Saint Joseph Academy, my second haven and a blissful one, that I "grew up." My sister "sprouted," but I have always maintained a steady balance of avoirdupois. Incidentally, I excel today in the art and science of food. Food makes for a rugged constitution and—what is more—a good natured outlook on life. It is my ambition eventually to teach this subject scientifically.

Regis has been more than a haven. It is now and always will be, a mighty stronghold defending me with its truth, upholding me with its spirit, and blessing me with its wealth of Catholicity. I do not need to pass over the threshold of my home to find my ideal of "the perfect woman." It is to Mother that I wish to pen my first and last thanks for whatever good lies in this autobiography.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Louis Pasteur Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Home Economics Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Ethelon Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Glee Club 1, 2. Athletic Association 1, 2. Orchestra 1, 2, 3; Vice-President 4. Junior Prom Committee.

Elizabeth Alma Jarvis, B.S.

1066 Main Street
Walpole, Massachusetts

Despite all pretense to the contrary, Eleanor's autobiography is a dreadful plagiarism from my book of life. I bear my role of ditto-mark with admirably fine grace. We are identical in appearance, studies, and hobbies. I would fain prate about my love of music, the part I have played in school orchestras both at the Academy and at Regis, and the music award presented me at the former school. But Eleanor's similar experiences eclipse the singularity of my endowments. We did interrupt the monotony of our piano duets by specializing—Eleanor on the xylophone, I on the organ. There is, however, one eminent mark of difference of which I am the proud possessor—a wee little beauty spot in full view on *my* face. Though it may have denied me honors due to my sister, it has retrieved me from blame for any of her past pranks.

Eleanor's love of Regis is cut from the same goodly bolt as my own. Her gratitude to Mother reflects, rather intensifies, mine. May we always stand side by side for those values which Regis has instilled so deeply in us. May I second Eleanor's highest aspirations, with the little phrase, uttered from the cradle—"Me too!"

Students' Spiritual Council 1 2, 3, 4. Louis Pasteur Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Home Economics Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Ethelon Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Glee Club 1, 2. Athletic Association 1, 2. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4. Junior Prom Committee.

Mary Rose Keefe, A.B.

22 Lyman Street
Waltham, Massachusetts

I WAS BORN and bred in Waltham, but have ambitions beyond the local cemetery. From infancy I could not stay put, and was encouraged to keep my thumb in my mouth, which, when removed, released a volley of questions. These traits were translated by time into unbridled enthusiasms, a passion for loquacity which debating helped to assuage, and the energy always to beg of the rostrum one more answer. The body of my education, full of wholesome ingredients, was confected by the Sisters of Notre Dame; the cream churned by our worthy Regis faculty. The uphill college grade with its pleasant detours of clubs, socials, and unrecorded escapades, has led to the peak of my escaping youth. For the cream is settling, and so am I.

Viewing my mind objectively with its panorama of shifting phantasms and fantasies, I find what constitutes *ME*. There, lies a bit o' the romance of Irish-Catholic faith; warmth from a simple home; the joy of having loved many and hated no one. In the foreground rises a mental vision of the Regis campus under snow; the Regis tower by moonlight; the cedar-crested reservoir; the far-flung surrounding hills; the self-closing Tabernacle doors through the incense of Benediction.

In clearest relief the inspiration of my teachers is reflected, encouraging me to follow, by contributing in turn my small share to physically defective children.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3; Vice-President 4. Le Cenacle Litteraire 1, 2, 3, 4. Der Deutsche Verein 2. Louis Pasteur Club 1, 2. Italian Club 4. Glee Club 1, 3, 4. Dramatic Club 1, 2. Athletic Association 1. Reading Club 2, 4. Junior Prom Committee.

Audrey Louise Kenney, A.B.

26 West Street
Woburn, Massachusetts

As I reminisce over my four years at Regis, I find that the last year closely resembles the first—"Regis . . . high on the hilltop in sunshine and shadow." I discern a variety of memorable pictures of these golden years: the opening mass in 1933 when we so timidly entered Chapel, our black veils forming a marked contrast to spotless, white dresses; the delight and bewilderment of following days when we scrutinized so diligently the horarium in a hopeful effort to adjust ourselves to this scholarly environment; midyears, the theme of nervous chatter in the "caf" and on the campus.

On wings of speed fled my days as an upperclassman. Sports, committees, club activities, socials, combined with intensive study in the field of my favorite subject, Sociology, filled the major part of these memorable years. The "sunshine" must inevitably be coupled with the "shadow" and so it is! I leave Regis, sad at heart, yet desirous to reach the standards set "high on the hilltop . . . in sunshine and shadow" of the years to come.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Le Cenacle Litteraire 1, 2. Louis Pasteur Club 1, 2. Ethelon Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Reading Club 4. Athletic Association 1. Junior Prom Committee.

Victoria Marie Lavallée, B.S.

6 Marlborough Street
Boston, Massachusetts

Everyone has certain goalposts in life—Regis was one of mine. When I was but a child, it was decided that I should go to college, and from then on all things were planned accordingly. Following graduation from a convent school, where I was taught both English and French, I entered Classical High School in Providence, Rhode Island, and spent four years in a preparatory college course. Thereupon, I entered Regis.

I shall never forget my first impression of Regis—to me it was a Castle, set high on the hills above the common houses, arrayed in majestic splendor and peaceful stillness. I found the King in His Chapel and all His ladies-in-waiting ready to teach and to guide me. Within its walls commercial studies have occupied most of my attention and I was rewarded by "making" the Dean's List. Student Government activities also kept me busy—in my Junior year as Councillor, in my Senior year as President. My typewriting ability won for me the position of Assistant Business Manager of the Mount Regis. Busy work, good times, and the best of friends I have found in the halls of my castle—Regis.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Student Cooperative Government, Junior Councillor 3; President 4. Le Cenacle Litteraire 1, 2. El Circulo Espanol 3; Secretary 4. Louis Pasteur Club 1. Secretarial Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Ethelon Club 1. Glee Club 2, 3. Schola Cantorum 2, 3. Athletic Association 1. Mount Regis *Staff, Assistant Business Manager 4.*

Marguerite Minihan Leary, A.B.

21 Burwell Road
West Roxbury, Massachusetts

My debut into life was made on May 20, 1916, in the hamlet of Medford. My stay in the city of my birth was a brief one and my early education was received in the schools of West Roxbury. 1933 stands out in my memory as my "annus mirabilis" for in June of that year I received two much-longed for diplomas, one from the Girls' High School, one from the Faelten Pianoforte School.

My career at Regis has been a joyous one. As I look back on the past few years a host of memories crowd my mind. Memories of the Junior Prom, the Senior Spreads, week-ends when we packed suit-cases and migrated to such distant points as Hull and Scituate. Memories of the hours I spent in the pursuit of history which has led me down paths at times difficult, but always interesting, and I may truly say these four years have been rich ones—rich in faith, rich in knowledge, and rich in friendships. My college years have ended but in memory they will live on as my own little "Golden Age" of History.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. El Circulo Espanol 2. Historical Club 2, 3; President 4. Louis Pasteur Club 1. Ethelon 1, 2, 3. Athletic Association 1, 2. Schola Cantorum 3, 4. Junior Prom Committee. Class President 2. Class Historian.

Doris Leona Lebel, A.B.

Main Street
Osterville, Massachusetts

On September 18, 1933, nervous and excited, I registered at Regis, having come all the way from Osterville (not pronounced Oysterville). How grand and colossal Regis seemed, and what importance my rank as a college Freshman gave me! Just two days, and I was changed into a most insignificant creature. I could never find my way to the proper class, and became overwhelmed with the frequence of the reply, "Oh, you're only a little Freshman." The dreaded week of initiation made me feel even more unessential, but gained for me many lasting friends. With the natural loss of fear and wonder, life at Regis became a part of me. Exams came and went as did the Junior Prom and the Senior Spread and my first year at college was over.

Even more quickly have the other three years passed, with the successive stages of being a sophisticated Sophomore, a jolly Junior, and a dignified Senior. Having wandered through the marble halls of Regis, I now stand on the parterre and pause, filled with sadness as I realize that when I leave my beloved Alma Mater, I shall leave forever the glowing, youthful college days of joy and happiness.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Der Deutsche Verein 1, 2; Treasurer 3. Louis Pasteur Club 1, 2, 3; Treasurer 4. Ethelon Club 1, 2, 3. Athletic Association 1, 2. Reading Club 2. Mathematics Club; President 4. Junior Prom Committee.

Helen Terese Leddy, A.B.

74 Avon Street
Somerville, Massachusetts

Upon my entrance to Regis, I found myself enveloped by the bewilderment and awe peculiar to any new adventure in life. I did not escape the joys, misgivings, and fears of a Freshman, for who of us can ever obliterate the memory of Chapter thirty—Hannibal Crossing the Alps? To make matters more intricate, Logic was added to our program during the second semester. Yet, despite the anxiety of mid-terms and other worries of a like nature, Freshman trials were soon relegated to the dim past. Courageous and acclimated, I donned the toga of a Sophomore choosing English and History as my fields of specialization.

Junior year climaxed with the Prom, a fête unparalleled in memories and enthusiasm for the Class of '37. It was traditional in one respect—the bells rang loud and long in the early morning hours! An eventful day was October second, when happily, yet not without a tinge of sadness, I received my Cap and Gown. Our last Christmas at Regis soon followed, the memorable feast which cemented beautiful friendships and hallowed recollections. Now at eventide of cherished days at Regis, my book of memories is practically compiled and gratefully dedicated to devoted parents who made possible my Catholic education at Regis.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Der Deutsche Verein 1, 2. Historical Club 4. Louis Pasteur Club 1. Dramatic Club 3. Reading Club 2, 3. Ethelon Club 1, 2. Regis Herald Staff; Assistant Business Manager 4. Junior Prom Committee 3.

Edith Sandsbury Levins, A.B.

23 Union Street
Nantucket, Massachusetts

After living ten years in Nantucket, a little isle thirty miles at sea, I deserted it to go to the city of "hills," called Fall River. There, I attended Sacred Heart Academy.

With a light and happy heart I arrived at Regis in September, 1933, bravely prepared to face any and all collegiate situations. A few minor difficulties arose, namely, the traversing of what seemed to me labyrinthine stairways and interminable corridors, and the attendance of proper classes on schedule time. These trials were soon forgotten, however, in the whirl and enthusiasm of becoming initiated and getting acquainted. The following year, as a Sophomore, I was encumbered with the usual sophistication and importance. It was in this year that I became a member of the Schola Cantorum, one of the privileged few qualified to sing the Baccalaureate Mass in June. My major subject was English; interest in Journalism found me assistant manager of *The Regis Herald* in my Senior year. It was not until "Cap and Gown" day that I experienced the genuine sensation of Seniority culminating in Commencement week. My journey at Regis is ended. As I leave its portals, I carry with me a deep appreciation of the gift of my parents in making possible my college days wherein I have moulded ideals and formed warm friendships.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Student Cooperative Government, Councillor 1. Le Cenacle Litteraire 1, 2. El Circulo Espanol 3. Italian Club; President 4. Glee Club 1, 2, 3. Schola Cantorum 2, 3. Athletic Association 1, 2. Reading Club 1, 2. Regis Herald Staff; Assistant Business Manager 4. Junior Prom Committee.

Matthia Elizabeth Marley, A.B.

13 Columbus Avenue
Ashland, Massachusetts

In looking back over my college years I find that most of my time was spent in doing things I had not intended to do—for, little that I had really intended to do has been accomplished. I was *sure* that I would never study German; after once escaping the fussing and fuming of high school Chemistry I was certain that this subject would never again enter my course of study. Yet as I am leaving college it is as a major in Biology, with Chemistry and German as my related subjects that I receive my A.B. degree.

I had determined to keep abreast of the times in literature by reading the newest and best books. Instead I have spent countless hours of pleasure in the company of old books and have gleaned most of my knowledge of current literature from magazines and reviews. Most precious and enjoyable of all the unanticipated joys that college has given are the hours spent in the company of the friends I have made here. I feel sure that long after the knowledge of balancing equations and declining German nouns has left me, these friendships will linger as a refreshing memory of my days at Regis.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Student Cooperative Government 1. Le Cenacle Litteraire 1, 2, 3. Louis Pasteur Club 1, 2, 3; Secretary 4. Ethelon Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Reading Club 2; President 4. Athletic Association 1. Der Deutsche Verein 4. Junior Prom Committee.

Rita Blanche McArdle, B.S.

6 Druid Street
Dorchester, Massachusetts

With the encouraging remark of Sir Leslie Stephen that there never was a dull autobiography, I begin to record some memories of a most uneventful life. Being the youngest of five children, my early years were very enjoyable in that I had my own way in everything. I attended St. Gregory's Grammar School and automatically went into the high school.

After much deliberation my parents decided to send me to Regis. Here I elected the Home Economics course in preparation for my work as dietitian. Lest all work and no play make Rita a dull girl, I became an active participant in athletics, particularly in basketball. I joined the orchestra and played in the many concerts given at the college. My Junior year was most eventful culminating in Junior Week with its glamorous Prom. When September of my Senior year arrived, I realized it was the "beginning of the end" of college life, and all too soon that end has come. Now must I bid adieu, adieu to teachers, friends, and comrades who made my days at Regis so pleasurable and so profitable.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Student Cooperative Government, Councillor 3. Louis Pasteur Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Home Economics Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Ethelon Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Dramatic Club 4. Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4. Orchestra 2, 3; Treasurer 4. MOUNT REGIS *Staff, Assistant Business Manager. Junior Prom Committee.*

Mary Catherine McCarthy, A.B.

Union Street
Holliston, Massachusetts

Unknown and unheralded by the fanfare of any trumpet, I entered Regis with the usual Freshman perplexity but soon came to know and revere, and will ever live to admire and bless her. Latin has been my field of concentration for four years; Sigma Tau Phi and Student Cooperative Government, the chief sources of my extra-curricula activity; outside reading in the realms of the Classics, my principal disturbance of mind; and occasional trips to Weston's haunt for Regisites, one of my favorite pastimes. Four years of "day-hopping" have only confirmed me in the belief that even the most plebian of circumstances can be made enjoyable when one is endowed with fellow-commuters who possess both wit and wisdom.

Having assiduously avoided the limelight, I spent my academic career with none of the anxiety of him who wears the crown. I close this uneventful enumeration with one regret—these days of blissful joy have passed—alas, all too soon! As a Regis alumna, I will recall my years at College with genuine love and heart-felt gratitude.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Student Cooperative Government; Senior Councillor 4. Sigma Tau Phi 2; Treasurer 3; Vice-President 4. Le Cenacle Litteraire 1, 2. Louis Pasteur Club 1. Ethelon Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Junior Prom Committee.

Alice Marie McConville, A.B.

56 Norwood Avenue
Newton Center, Massachusetts

So deep and varied have been my impressions of life and college that I hesitate to catalogue even the most dominant ones. In retrospect I would say that the two greatest influences of life have been home and college. Through the basic principles instilled in the former, I have learned that life without religion and sacrifice is void of happiness, that patience and the yielding of one's point of view (in the presence of a brother and sister) are necessary for mutual understanding. As for the latter influence, Regis has given me self-confidence, a love of the true, the beautiful, and the good, an interest in poetry, and over and above all, a deeper realization of the supernatural. As I review the benefits that are mine, I am doubly conscious of my debt of gratitude to the Most Reverend Francis J. Spellman D.D., LL.D., and to the late Reverend Timothy A. Curtin.

Although concentrating on the physical and the concrete in the field of science, it is to the idealistic and to the sublime that I turn in adapting the philosophy of Regis as my standard. The tenets of its sound teaching must necessarily permeate my own life and carry over to my future profession as a teacher.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Der Deutsche Verein 1, 2. Louis Pasteur Club 1, 2, 3; Vice-President 4. Ethelon Club 1, 2, 3. Glee Club 2, 3, 4. Dramatic Club; Junior Representative 3; Secretary 4. Athletic Association 1, 2. Debating Team 1, 2. Junior Prom Committee. MOUNT REGIS *Staff; Assistant Art Editor 4.*

Esther Mary McDonald, B.S.

57 Maple Avenue
Cambridge, Massachusetts

I do not believe this autobiography will ever catapult me into national publicity, for apparently mixed reasons. I am rather a retiring person, yet, with the completion of my secretarial training at Regis I feel that I am well started on my way to a business career. Then too, I have never been especially singled out in my classes as a creative writer. Two years of English "Comp" strengthened the conviction that I was not destined to be an authoress.

With the opening of Sophomore year I enrolled in the Secretarial Science course. Even now the sight of a typewriter is potent enough to recall those first struggling days—that blank keyboard, horrors! Comptometers, dictaphones, adding machines, mimeograph machines, the click of typewriters did not permit me to become lethargic.

My college days have been active ones socially as well as scholastically. As chairman of the ticket committee for the Junior Bridge there was the responsibility of making it a financial success. Assisting upon committees in the various clubs to which I belong has developed my self confidence and initiative. As graduation day draws near, I leave Regis with regret that I shall never more be an undergraduate but I rejoice that Regis is to be my Alma Mater.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Le Cenacle Litteraire 1, 2. El Circulo Espanol 3, 4. Secretarial Club 1, 2, 3; Vice-President 4. Louis Pasteur Club 1. Ethelon Club 1, 2. Athletic Association 1, 2. Junior Prom Committee.

Alma Terese Mulligan, B.S.

34 Sedgwick Street
Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts

It is not an easy task to write an autobiography, and it is still harder to write a truthful one. I could tell you, for instance, that I am a very brilliant student, but . . . it is not true, so that will not do; then I could say that I am a startling 1937 beauty, but . . . the picture above belies that. Now for the plain truth—my education started at the usual age, and I attended three schools before I was finally graduated. Please do not get the wrong impression and think that I was ejected from school! We simply moved. My peregrinations ended in Jamaica Plain where I was graduated from St. Thomas High School.

Before I tell you where I went to school next, let me add, just to make my story interesting and different, that I had the chicken pox and the measles, and oh, yes, I must not forget to mention the mumps. Then, I went to Lasell Junior College in Auburndale, and finally to Regis! The list of courses I encountered here frightened me, but it was not long before I found myself enjoying my work to the fullest. This may sound like a "sales" talk, but I can say with all sincerity that my days at Regis have been most happy and profitable.

Students' Spiritual Council 2, 3, 4. *Louis Pasteur Club* 2, 3. *Home Economics Club* 2; *Treasurer* 3; *President* 4. *Ethelon Club* 4.

Katherine Margaret O'Brien, A.B.

76 Mapleton Street
Brighton, Massachusetts

As I AM not favored with the ability to write narratives, and since my life possesses little to interest the reader, my task will be brief. Born in that suburb of the Hub, Brighton, twenty odd years ago, I attended Mount Saint Joseph Academy, whence I was graduated in 1933. Following graduation, I enrolled at Regis, where I have spent four fleeting years of happiness experiencing all the joys of college life. My interests have been many, from "intensive study" in the library to a bit of "amateur detective work" in Room 458.

My main concentration in academics has been in the field of Sociology, which has proved of great interest, and in which I hope to be engaged in the near future. My main extra-curricula activity has been the Ethelon Club. But though these memorable days are all too quickly taking their place in "the unforgettable past," the friendships which I have made during college days will ever be in "the vibrant present." Thus, with graduation, my task of narrative is abruptly interrupted, to be finished—who knows "How, When, or Where!"

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Historical Club 2, 4. Louis Pasteur Club 1. Ethelon Club 1, 2, 3; President 4. Der Deutsche Verein 1, 2. Athletic Association 1. Class Treasurer 3. Junior Prom Committee.

Phyllis Mary O'Brien, B.S.

17 Glendale Road
Quincy, Massachusetts

Pleasant and happy recollections of persons, places and things never to be forgotten, I take from Regis. In return, years of "memories and sighs, I consecrate to Thee."

Hard but somehow satisfying work—good friends—the rare beauty of the campus in the autumn—the unforgettable hours spent in the Physics "lab"—the original way in which I attempted some of the experiments—Anne—the tennis tournament and the joy of winning it—morning rousings at 6:30 for Mass—the first college exam—the laborious hours with the intricacies of preparation for the marts of trade—last minute special deliveries for home permission—keen competition for New England Telephone developments after 9:30—those long hikes to Weston—the breathless race with time because of a dinner permission—unexpected election to class secretary of Sophomore—the rehearsals for Glee Club—the Junior Prom—New York, Washington, and way stations—the Cap and Gown—the awe of approaching commencement—chagrin at the product of a photographer's art.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. *Le Cenacle Litteraire* 1, 2. *El Circulo Espanol* 3, 4. *Louis Pasteur Club* 1. *Secretarial Club* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Glee Club* 1; *Secretary* 2, 3. *Athletic Association* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Class Secretary* 2. MOUNT REGIS *Staff, Assistant Business Manager* 4.

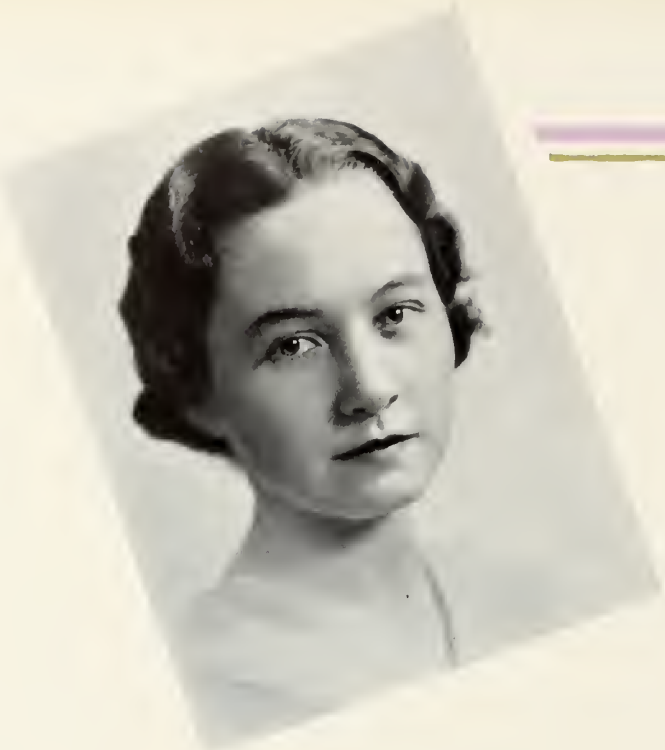
Margaret Mary O'Connell, A.B.

79 Pemberton Street
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Among my good fortunes I count being born in the University City. With such a hallowed spot of learning for my early habitat and with the budding ideals implanted by my parents, I have come quite naturally to enjoy the three schools which have given impetus both to my scholarship and to my ideals, St. John's, Cambridge High and Latin, and Regis College. "Nowhere so happy as curled up in a corner with a book," said Thomas à Kempis, and I quite agree with him. My tastes tend largely toward non-fiction and biography, but among my favorite authors I must include such fictionists as Sigrid Undset, J. B. Priestley, and Mark Twain and such poets as Francis Thompson and Sara Teasdale.

Up to this time my literary tastes and scholastic aims have coincided quite delightfully. This point, however, happens to be the fork in the road. Fortified by my success as associate editor of both *The Regis Herald* and the Mount Regis, I am turning quite enthusiastically toward the Pulitzer School of Journalism and to a journalistic career. Visions of my beloved College are passing before me—the parterre at dusk, the campus in the springtime, and finally the sublime vision of the Chapel at Benediction. With these scenes as a background for my happiest memories, I bid farewell to the Class of '37 and to my professors who have guided me in my pursuit of learning.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. *Sigma Tau Phi* 3. *Le Cenacle Litteraire* 1, 2. *Der Deutsche Verein* 2, 3. *Historical Club* 2, 3, 4. *Louis Pasteur Club* 1. *Dramatic Club* 4. *Athletic Association* 1. *Reading Club* 2, 4. *Regis Herald Staff*, *Reporter* 3; *Assistant Editor* 4. Mount Regis *Staff*, *Assistant Editor*. *Junior Prom Committee*.



Mary Margaret O'Connell, A.B.

38 Webster Street
Arlington, Massachusetts

WITH MINGLED feelings of delight and awe, I entered Regis four years ago from Mount Saint Joseph Academy. I soon adjusted myself to college routine finding none of the traditionally famous "unforeseen difficulties." To me, college was the final step in the realization of an ideal. Four years of hard work and happy companionship have opened new vistas of thought and provided new foundations on which to build. Multiple experiences, some riotously funny and others quietly humorous, vividly colored and enlivened the more intellectual side of college life.

Among the various activities I keenly enjoyed the Reading Club and its Wednesday afternoon discussions of current books and authors. Other clubs provided much pleasure with their well-balanced serious and comic presentations. Athletics, with the exception of tennis and swimming, interested me, more as a spectator than as a participant. With English and French as my fields of concentration, I found myself plunged into an amazingly productive and literary world of truly limitless boundaries. Undaunted, I proceeded through poetry and short story courses, writing wholly unappreciated gems of literature! My Senior year has finally given me complete opportunity to exercise my creative powers as literary editor of *The Regis Herald*. Thus closes the story of a well-enjoyed college life, bound with enduring lessons and lasting memories.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Le Cenacle Litteraire 1, 2, 3, 4. Der Deutsche Verein 2, 3. Historical Club 2. Ethelon Club 1. Louis Pasteur Club 1. Dramatic Club 4. Reading Club 1, 2; Vice-President 4. Athletic Association 1. Regis Herald Staff; Literary Editor 4. Class Vice-President 2.

Felicienne Marie O'Keefe, A.B.

178 Lowell Street
Peabody, Massachusetts

WHAT MUST BE, must be; therefore I am. However, since what must be, need never be in vain, I find myself in a dilemma when asked to write my biography. The Ides of March proved auspicious indeed, both to Caesar and to me, since my unsuspecting eye first saw the light of this wonderful world on March 15, 1916. Since childhood, I have had to struggle against the great odds of being, not only the youngest, but also the only brunette, in a family of "red heads."

Grammar school, high school, and college have been, with a few exceptional instances, very normal for me. In my Sophomore year at Regis I cast my lot with the biologists and, so far, it has proven a very happy choice. Even more deeply than the education I have received do I value the friendships I have made. My hours, mingled with study and pleasure, have indeed been contented ones. Next year is shrouded in mist; yet I hope that the continued good fortune of my first twenty years will prove to be a successful precedent for the years to come.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Le Cenacle Litteraire 1, 2. Der Deutsche Verein 4. Louis Pasteur Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Historical Club 1, 3. Ethelon Club 1, 2, 3. Athletic Association 1, 2, 3. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4.

Dorothy Bernice O'Neil, A.B.

33 Kendall Street
Brookline, Massachusetts

Reticent and timid I entered Regis as a Freshman. The first few days were spent in strolling, with youthful curiosity, about the spacious corridors. The "Battle of Books" soon began. German verbs tortured me with their intricate endings but I emerged victoriously from this struggle. Gradually, History became not only interesting but fascinating and the "world of wonderment," Philosophy, ceased to perplex me. Thus by constant application, a virtue that all Freshmen were forced to acquire, I was qualified to join the ranks of upperclassmen.

Extra-curricula activities afforded many enjoyable hours at Regis. I took an active part in Dramatics and in the annual swimming meet which brought laurels to the Class of '37. My forte during the remaining years was Social Service, an integral part of which was field work. This gave me not only valuable experience but actual contact with authorities and institutions promoting this philanthropic work. Spread before me on the golden tapestry of my college life are the sweet-sad remembrances of Commencement Week. I leave Regis with the hope of accomplishing the end I had in choosing Sociology—to further the good of mankind.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. El Circulo Espanol 3. Der Deutsche Verein 1. Historical Club 1. Ethelon Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Orchestra 1, 2, 3. Athletic Association 1, 3. Louis Pasteur Club 1. Reading Club 4. Junior Prom Committee.

Frances Elizabeth Reagan, A.B.

124 Lexington Avenue
Cambridge, Massachusetts

To be truly autobiographical, I should begin at the beginning. I was born on a snowy Sunday afternoon on March 12, 1916, at 4 p.m. After a reasonable length of time, five years to be exact, I entered the Russell School in Cambridge and gained not only fundamentals but mumps. In September 1929, I entered Mount Saint Joseph Academy in Brighton. Here was fostered the ambition to obtain a higher education. Obviously, Regis would be my choice. Memories crowd in upon me now: my impulsiveness . . . the choice of a major . . . the New York trip . . . Chemistry . . . the admiration of my classmates . . . Horse Shows . . . dinners at Wellesley . . . Nantasket . . . Sociology picnics . . . assemblies . . . kindergarten work in the Gate of Heaven School . . . Ethics . . . the whole four years . . . friends . . . week-ends . . . roommate . . . chatter . . . dances . . . clothes . . . life at its best. My heart is there at Regis, and, in the words of the immortal Shakespeare—"I must pause till it come back to me."

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. El Circulo Espanol 2. Der Deutsche Verein 1, 2. Historical Club 3. Louis Pasteur Club 2. Ethelon Club 1, 2, 3; Vice-President 4. Glee Club 1. Schola Cantorum 2. Athletic Association 1, 2. Orchestra 1, 2. Junior Prom Committee.

Doris Azilda Roberts, A.B.

Livingston Street
Tewksbury, Massachusetts

I HAVE OFTEN entertained thoughts of writing books, but something tells me that after this attempt to write my autobiography, I shall no longer aspire to authorship! However, I spent a happy childhood in Fall River, attending public school and the Dominican Academy. When fifteen I moved to Tewksbury and enrolled at Lowell High School, from which I was graduated, a faithful and ardent alumna.

The year '33 found me a Freshman at Regis, conquering pangs of homesickness, and orientating myself to a very new existence. French, Latin, all the "prescribeds" and "electives" kept me burning my share of the midnight oil during the next four years. Participating in French plays, in Glee Club concerts, and in interclass debates, and at the same time endeavoring to remain on the Dean's List, have kept me busy and out of mischief. Regis formals, Junior and Senior weeks, plus, of course, that Holy Cross influence, balanced the scale. The friendships I have made here are as priceless to me as my degree. I take this opportunity to thank my good parents and teachers for their kindly interest and assistance during the past four years. My future lies before me—may it be as happy as the past at Regis!

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. *Sigma Tau Phi* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Le Cenacle Litteraire* 1; *Treasurer* 2, 3; *Vice-President* 4. *El Circulo Espanol* 2, 3. *Louis Pasteur* 1. *Glee Club* 1, 2, 3. *Dramatic Club* 3. *Athletic Association* 1. *Schola Cantorum* 2, 3.

Helen Louise Ryan, A.B.

664 Chestnut Street
Springfield, Massachusetts

If I were a true classicist, I should begin this recital of events at college by beseeching the Muses to grant me inspiration in recording this data accurately and with an arresting style. Alas, I can lay no claim to the Muses, never having been on the aesthetic level of speaking with them; consequently, my alternative is to plod along with Webster at my side. The memories of my first days at Regis recall much suffering from nostalgia. This complaint passed with the ever-absorbing pleasures of making friendships which I hope will remain with me the rest of my life.

Sophomore year with its uninteresting "inbetweenness" of being neither a Freshman, nor a revered upperclassman, brought the necessity of acting somewhat unique, hence I became a participant in escapades, characterized by my never-to-be-forgotten prominence on the Philosophy "Black List." Ah, strenuous days, those! During that year an appealing study of the ancients confirmed my decision to pursue Latin with Greek as my related subject. Then came Junior year with the thrill of "truly belonging," involving such pleasures as possessing a Freshman Sister, and enjoying the glamorous Junior Prom, and managing the horse show. Now that the end has come with the reception of my Cap and Gown as a happy prelude, I go forth proudly bearing in my heart the words of my Alma Mater: *Via, Veritas, Vita.*

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Sigma Tau Phi 1, 2, 3; Secretary 4. Der Deutsche Verein 1, 2, 3, 4. Louis Pasteur Club 1. Ethelon Club 1, 2. Glee Club 1, 2. Athletic Association 1; Riding Manager 3. Junior Prom Committee. Class President 3, 4.

Marie Virginia Shalloo, A.B.

32 Oregon Street
Fall River, Massachusetts

From the city of hills and mills came I to this fair institution of learning. I entered as a Freshman, timid and bewildered; I leave as a Senior—no adjectives, please. I struggled through Horace and Livy, but not daunted, I selected Latin as my major, and have been struggling ever since. Being a linguist (I am optimistic), I chose German as my related subject.

I mention my studies merely in passing, since I found my extra-curricula activities of much more interest and enjoyment. By curtailing my time for the perusal of books, I managed to include diverse activities, ranging from scorer at basketball games to prefect of the Students' Spiritual Council. By some unlucky stroke of fate, there was thrust upon me the task of collecting for various organizations to such an extent that I could not enter a room without the occupants remarking, "How much do you want this time?" What a reputation to have earned after four years of hard work! It is with regret that I turn over the last pages of the book known as *College Daze*, realizing that I can never again live it, but only recall it as the most outstanding volume of my life.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3; Prefect 4. Sigma Tau Phi 1, 2; Secretary 3; Editor 4. Der Deutsche Verein 1, 2; Treasurer 3, 4. Historical Club 2, 3, 4. Louis Pasteur Club 1. Ethelon Club 1, 2. Glee Club 2, 3; Treasurer 4. Dramatic Club 4. Athletic Association 1, 2. Reading Club 4. Regis Herald Staff; Feature Editor 4. Class Prophet. Schola Cantorum 2.

Margaret Helen Shaughnessy, A.B.

6 Capron Street
Uxbridge, Massachusetts

My timid adit to Regis carried no strong conviction of success. Like every other "freshie" I was haunted by bells and stairs; unlike every other "freshie" I "majored" holding doors for Seniors, hoping for future reciprocity. My precipitate indulgence in basketball and swimming amazed all, since opinion did not term me the "athletic type." Ambitions (life's little levellers) weighed none too heavily, since the chief one, fostered at Uxbridge High where I edited newspaper and yearbook, was realized in *The Regis Herald* which burst into print in Sophomore days. Most enjoyable besides journalism was my year of service on the Student Government.

Intimate companions catalogue my favorite occupations as collecting money, rushing to the "caf," hiding and guiding "Peggy," and emulating the President himself in fabricating alphabet systems. Activities on the "unforgettable list" include the Sophomore-Freshman debate, annual plays, and dances, especially the famous Junior Prom where the menu was ample because "Shaunie," the Epicure, was on the committee. Regis for me has been a life in itself—four years concentrated with all that the word college connotes, citizenship, comradeship, friendship. My friends of '37, plus a genuine reverence for Regis and a sincere appreciation in calling her my Alma Mater, are the greatest, most permanent pleasures fortifying me in my regretful exit from Regis.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Student Cooperative Government, Senior Councillor 4. Sigma Tau Phi 1; Treasurer 2; Editor 3, 4. Historical Club 2; Treasurer 3, 4. Der Deutsche Verein 1, 2, 3, 4. Reading Club 4. Ethelon Club 1. Dramatic Club 3, 4. Glee Club 1, 2, 3. Schola Cantorum 2, 3, 4. Debating Team 2. Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4. Junior Prom Committee. Regis Herald Staff; Sports Editor 3; Editor-in-Chief 4. MOUNT REGIS *Staff; Assistant Editor. Class Lawyer.*

Gertrude Ann Shea, A.B.

41 Royal Avenue
Cambridge, Massachusetts

With the approach of the Great War, in the midst of stress and confusion, I arrived on the scene to be thrust into the whirlpool of a massive universe. Historically, it was the worst of times, but actually, for a certain household in Cambridge, it was the best of times. My early education was obtained at St. Peter's Grammar School after which I attended Cambridge High and Latin School. Soon I found myself in quite a different atmosphere at Regis, where a very pleasant four years awaited me; four years, which were made bright and, at times, inspirational, because of the service which I saw in my power to render to my less fortunate fellow men.

As far back as I can recall, I have been definitely interested in making Social Service my career. Yet, Regis seemed to enlighten and arouse within me a more urgent need, an awareness of extreme unhappiness in the world, because of the general misinterpretation of life's purpose. And now, as I approach the end, I realize that I have made no mistake in my choice but anxiously await a real opportunity to help shoulder the burdens of those who are weary with the cares of the world, and thus become of some definite service to humanity.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Le Cenacle Litteraire 1, 2. Der Deutsche Verein 2. Louis Pasteur Club 1. Ethelon Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Athletic Association 1. Reading Club 1, 2.

Doris Elizabeth Stevens, A.B.

Wykagyl Gardens Apartments
New Rochelle, New York

Although my career at Regis began in my Junior year, when I transferred from the College of New Rochelle, I agree with my present classmates, that Freshman college life was a maze of studies and socials, and Sophomore days, a continuation of the same, in a more sophisticated way. Junior year was a time of whirlwind, filled with mirth and excitement, punctuated by periods of gloom and repentance, when the Grim Reaper arrived in the guise of exams.

Yet my life ran a merry course. Desolation overwhelms me only when I contemplate my dramatic characterization of a shepherd in the Christmas play, in my Senior year. How fatal was the blow to my pride, when I beheld myself in voluminous rags and charcoaled face, a truly mendicant figure! I must concede an artistic triumph—to the rest of the cast; my presence on the stage was merely supernumerary.

My primary interest is English; through my class work, I have achieved a background, scholastic and cultural. In journalistic activity on *The Regis Herald*, I have found exceptional opportunity to learn business as well as literary methods. Time may dim but can never obliterate the memories of classmates and courses, faculty and fun, study and seniority that I shall always recollect with pleasure and gratitude to those who made them possible.

Students' Spiritual Council 3, 4. Le Cenacle Litteraire 3. Dramatic Club 4. Regis Herald Staff; Business Manager 4. Reading Club 4.

Eileen Thérèse Sullivan, A.B.

168 Flagg Street
Worcester, Massachusetts

Date—September 15, 1933; scene—Regis College; action—one bewildered and insignificant "Frosh" signing on the dotted line. "Alas," she sighed, "the fatal step"—thus my matriculation at Regis. Ambition for a bright business future waned as the furrows in my brow increased, puzzling over weighty "Math" problems. Consequently, as a Sophomore I was catalogued as an A.B. student altering the envisioned B.S. beside my name. The next question to solve was the choice of a major subject. I pondered. History?—Dates alone scare me! Romance languages?—No, not exactly appealing. But the English field seemed to curve a finger of alluring interest and I responded to its invitation. My choice proved advantageous, for until this time I had merely looked inside the door; now I stepped within.

My extra-curricula activities centered around swimming, basketball, Tuesday night dinners in Wellesley, and the Weston Spa. My strongest penchant—back rows in classrooms; my pet weakness—week-ends at home; my chronic ailment—losing things! However, one thing I cannot lose—the indelible imprint of those guiding words, *Via*, *Veritas*, *Vita*. May they prove the same inspiration and revelation in the future as they have in my past college days!

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Le Cenacle Litteraire 1, 2. El Circulo Espanol 2, 3. Historical Club 3. Louis Pasteur Club 1. Ethelon Club 1. Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4. Regis Herald Staff, News Editor 4. Reading Club 1, 2, 4. Junior Prom Committee. Class President 1.

Elsie Marie Sullivan, B.S.

17 Bentley Street
Brighton, Massachusetts

The quotation, "When the leaves of your album are yellow with age," reminds me of the fleeting, swiftly concluding years of the first chapters of my life. Dorchester first, then Brighton were the scenes of my youthful days. Perhaps most outstanding of my early memories is a picture of myself at the age of six valiantly trying to learn the art of being a pianist. Eight happy grammar school years I spent at St. Columbkille's. Then, during four golden, never-to-be-forgotten years, which passed all too quickly, I wore the blue serge uniform of Mount Saint Joseph Academy. My role as Our Lady of Lourdes in the Junior play *Bernadette of Lourdes* was a beautiful and touching privilege for which I shall ever be grateful.

I entered Regis because I recognized, appreciated, and desired the spiritual and scholastic direction of the Sisters of Saint Joseph. I always had a love of the culinary arts and so pursued the Home Economics course, wherein I feel I have spent four profitable years. I shall ever be grateful that I followed this course and more than this I cannot say. Years may pass and time may march on, but Memory, suffused with love for a College and love for friends, shall always bring me back to four indelible years of utter joy and satisfaction.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Louis Pasteur Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Historical Club 2. Home Economics Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Ethelon Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Glee Club 1, 3. Athletic Association 1.

Esther Claudia Sullivan, B.S.

11 Ladd Street
Watertown, Massachusetts

One cold winter's morning, the same month and year that David Lloyd George became Prime Minister of Great Britain, I, later christened Esther, made my debut in the Sullivan household at Watertown. "Lost or strayed" could well have been the theme song of my parents, for I was an adventurous child. However, my aspirations toward running away and seeing the world were nipped in the bud, for at the age of six I entered the Watertown Public Schools and settled down to a period of quiet seriousness, with the result that I was graduated from Watertown High School in June 1933. The following September found me at Regis numbered among the new Regisites. Bewildered and somewhat frightened, I soon became adjusted to my new environment through "get acquainted" parties. Desirous either to teach secretarial subjects or to be a private secretary, I concentrated on this branch of studies.

Sophomore and Junior years at College came and went, but carried away with them many happy incidents to be stored in memory's treasury. Finally Cap and Gown day arrived, memorable indeed, but a specific reminder that my days at Regis were almost at an end. I know, however, that I shall always be fortified by my College training—enriched with staunch friends formed and cherished within the portals of my Alma Mater. Many years from now, I hope that my fireside reveries will be rendered more poignant by memories of the happy epoch just concluded.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. El Circulo Espanol 1, 2. Secretarial Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Glee Club 2, 3, 4. Athletic Association 1. Junior Prom Committee. Louis Pasteur Club 1. Ethelon Club 1.

Alice Marie Toomey, B.S.

178 Fuller Street
Dorchester, Massachusetts

Life for me began, not at forty, but on August 1, 1916. I am a Bostonian, of course. I attended public school for ten years, and then transferred to St. Gregory's in Dorchester from which I was graduated. My entrance into Regis marked the beginning of the four happiest years of my life. Here in friendly and cultural surroundings I experienced many carefree hours. Interested in the teaching of Foods, I entered the Home Economics Department. Athletics interested me, not as a participant but as an enthusiastic spectator. Social events provided many good times, and I was an ardent supporter of all extra-curricula activities.

These years at College have completed my cycle of youth; it is with deep regret that I leave its portals. The future, bring what it may, will always bear memories of a mélange of pleasure and work in the ranks of trusted, loyal comrades at Regis.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Louis Pasteur Club 1, 2. Home Economics Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Ethelon Club 3, 4. Glee Club 4. Dramatic Club 4. Athletic Association 1. Junior Prom Committee.

Alice Rita Torphy, A.B.

306 Brownell Street
Fall River, Massachusetts

Like David Copperfield, "I shall begin my life with the beginning of my life"—which I find is customary when writing autobiographies, and not at all unusual. I was born in Fall River and there I attended school until I was graduated from Durfee High School. With a firm conviction that I would enjoy the type of existence known as college life, I embarked upon my scholastic career with ideas strongly tinged with mental pictures of campus life as presented by the Warner Brothers. However with the chastening influence of the "signing out book" and the "six-thirty permissions," I soon settled down to the enjoyable routine of life at Regis. Because I majored in English, I was most interested in *The Regis Herald* and in this yearbook. My most memorable feat, and the one which will provide me with my dearest memories of Regis, was writing my column when the latest and most memorable news was the weather.

With the realization that Senior year is at a close and that this page of my life is about to be turned forever, all the memories of the past four years crowd upon me in a haze which will be clarified in a future filled with happy reminiscences. These years have been the happiest of my life because they have meant an accumulation of intellectual and spiritual wealth, and friends whom I now leave so regretfully.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3; Secretary 4. Der Deutsche Verein 1, 2. Historical Club 2, 3, 4. Louis Pasteur Club 1, 2. Ethelon Club 1, 2. Glee Club 1, 2. Dramatic Club 4. Athletic Association 1, 2. Orchestra 1, 2. Regis Herald Staff, Feature Editor 4. Reading Club, Recording Secretary 4. MOUNT REGIS *Staff, Art Editor. Junior Prom Committee.*

Mary Louise Walsh, A.B.

573 Robeson Street
Fall River, Massachusetts

A timorous freshman at Regis, I found the contrast between high school and college overwhelming—the sensation comparable to visiting an exotic metropolis. Through commiseration for each other's nostalgia, we soon were at home in our beautiful surroundings.

Student Government activity brought me the customary responsibilities incumbent upon one who is an officer. I found no difficulty in choosing a major. Adhering to the theory of combining work and pleasure, I chose French, discovering that Drama, Poetry, and the Novel courses held competitive interest for me. The History of Civilization proved a medium of contact with French thought in Art, Music, and Customs. Days of Senior year pass but with their passing there remain recollections: anxiety felt on Wednesday mornings at practice teaching, worry and concern at impending exams, excitement and chatter before college dances, and joy and enthusiasm at our Tuesday evening dinners at Wellesley. Satiated with excellent principles, appreciative of the rich gifts that the college has shared with me, I go forth knowing that "not all the centuries yet to come" can efface from my mind these four years, years of ambitions realized and hopes attained.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. Student Cooperative Government. Sophomore, Junior, Senior Councillor. Der Deutsche Verein 2. Louis Pasteur Club 1. Italian Club; Vice-President 4. Le Cenacle Litteraire 1, 2, 3; Secretary 4. Ethelon Club 1, 2. Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Athletic Association 1; Treasurer 2. Schola Cantorum 2, 3, 4. Orchestra 1, 2. Reading Club 2, 4. Junior Prom Committee.

Anne Veronica Waters, B.S.

32 Emerson Street
Newton, Massachusetts

The records of Beverly City Hall chronicle the fact that I was born in that beautiful city on February 14. When I was two years old my parents returned to their native city of Newton where the memories of my life have their beginning. At the usual age, I was enrolled in Our Lady's Parochial School and eventually entered Our Lady's High School. Here, there were various athletic teams and I, being of an athletic turn of mind, became a member of the girls' basketball team, retaining this interest during my subsequent four years at college.

Having completed my high school course, I looked forward with keen anticipation to the continuance of my education at Regis. The reception we received as members of the Freshman Class, the enjoyable hours with loyal friends during Sophomore year, and the joys and experiences of Junior Prom Week furnished the highlights of my undergraduate career. Senior year was filled with many pleasant realities. The acquisition of Cap and Gown was the fulfillment of my greatest hope although it brought a feeling of sadness in the realization that my college career would soon terminate. However, I can bear away with me the fondest recollections of my life at Regis.

Students' Spiritual Council 1, 2, 3, 4. El Circulo Espanol 3; Treasurer 4. Le Cenacle Litteraire 1, 2. Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4. Ethelon Club 1. Louis Pasteur Club 1. Secretarial Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Glee Club 2, 3, 4. Junior Prom Committee.

Worthy of every trust that Regis has placed in them, no other class is more capable of adding new glory to the paths we once have trod than our . . .

JUNIORS

Kathleen Cournoyer
President

Junior Class Officers

Lois McCarthy
Vice-President

Margaret Sheehan
Secretary

Marion Mulhern
Treasurer

JUNIOR

The classic marble foyer . . . the soft persuasive strains of the Junior Promenade . . . for the class of 1938, the climax of a year of enchanting memories. The ecstacy of Junior week . . . every heart thrilled with the realization of a dream . . . in truth, royalty on the campus. Progenitors of the new . . . conspicuous in the fields of scientific

CLASS

and literary endeavor . . . this class adds zest to the life of the college. With vigorous determined efforts . . . the Junior class has grasped the cultural inheritance of Regis . . . enhancing every milestone they have passed as they journeyed nearer their goal.

STUDENTS'
SPECIAL

The Junior Comicle

SOCIETY
SECTION

Vol. 2-2 (Train Coming) Editor Wee R. Difrunt No. 193-8

Lyons Loose in Boston

There is talk and talk of the wild joy rides of the present generation! But—Miss Mary Lyons, true to the tradition of Regis, has done something different. With a sparkle in her eye and all the gestures, she relates the story of an honest-to-goodness ride in an equally honest-to-goodness ambulance with all the fixings—bells clanging, siren screeching, full speed ahead right through downtown Boston.

When things are done in a bigger and better way by Regis girls, Mary will do them!

P.S. Mary wasn't the patient!

Bashful Juniors Balk at Reading Contest

The annual reading contest didn't draw many applicants from the Junior Class, but Miss Mary O'Toole ably upheld the reputation of the class.

When asked for a statement by interviewers, Miss O'Toole posed obligingly and said, "I am the only Junior who can read. I owe it all to majoring English."

Other Juniors when asked why they did not join replied,

Winifred Gill—"Read? Of course, I can read; but not English, only French and German."

Bernadette Grenier—"It was the two syllabled words that stopped me. I'm a whiz on the one syllables, but I draw the line at two."

Gertrude Magner—"I would have joined, but for the time limit. They were only allowed three minutes, and I have to spell out the words."

Are You Looking for a Ford? Here's Your Opportunity

Miss Elena Perini has recently made known the fact that anyone wishing to buy a car should see her. That is, of course, if you want to buy a Ford. We've heard tell that she knows of a boy whose sister's chum's younger uncle is a Ford salesman. Naturally Elena knows him only distantly, but she'll do her best to give you a good buy, which "wall in wall" will be very nice.

Junior Prom Tremendous Success

Chairman Interviewed by Comicle Reporter

Last night—curls, ball gowns, corsages, the Prom of the Juniors' dreams—this morning—icebags and aspirins—for the chairman. In an interview this morning, Miss Margaret McDermott, revealed the scenes behind the scenes when such a successful event as the Junior Promenade is held. Your correspondent was entirely unprepared for the small pathetic figure into whose august presence she was ushered in fear and trembling.

"Er, Miss McDermott—"

"Go away!" came the answering wail.

"But I've an appointment with you. I've been sent by the *Comicle* to interview you about the Prom."

"Oooh, it was wonderful, gorgeous, stupendous, so they say. I wouldn't know, I wasn't there."

"I hear that the orchestra was excellent."

"They say it was good. Of course, I only heard it at a distance."

"And the refreshments, they were said to be outstanding."

"Refreshments? Oh, yes. I heard rumors to that effect, but I didn't get any."

"And your classmates, could you let me know what they wore at the Prom?"

Here her voice was raised to a scream. "Wore! How do I know what they wore! I was only the chairman. I didn't see anything, or hear anything—I was busy!"

Your reporter left in awe, amazed at the effect on the nerves of planning a few hours of dancing. It had, of course, been the reward of a year's waiting and anticipation. Junior Week had begun with the solemn procession of the thrilled Juniors down the marble stairway of the Chapel to attend the opening Mass. With the help of the Communion Breakfast and "Peggy" Sheehan's speech, however, all formality had been dispelled, and Junior Week festivities well begun.

The Faculty Banquet held Wednesday afternoon was a jovial occasion. Many novel toasts brought forth talent long hidden among the Juniors. Next, the Mothers' Bridge, evoked the revival of many almost forgotten "remember when's," as mothers reminisced with tales about their illustrious daughters.

When Friday eve finally came, stiff set waves were combed into smooth curls, a final pat given to the dress as the door bell rang to admit the man of the moment—and so the Prom. President "Kay" Cournoyer and Chairman "Midge" McDermott led the colorful promenade. "A good time was had by all" until the stroke of two, when the Cinderellas ran upstairs leaving in the Foyer silver slippers to be matched the following afternoon at the Tea Dance. Like all other good things, this dance ended, and all that remains of a glorious week is memory—pleasurable and ineffaceable.

Gory Drama Scores Young Actress Magnificent

Our own Regis protégé, Miss Lois McCarthy, gave a stirring opening performance of *In a Japanese Garden*, or *The Bloody Trysting Place*. The story centered around the loss of a ruby, the size of a humming-bird's egg, which was finally found and returned to its rightful owner. Miss Lois' choice of words was startling, to say the least, and every sentence was tinged with the deepest emotion. All are impatiently awaiting the young actress' return.

WANT ADS

WANTED: *Snow* flurries and wind *Rust*les. Mary O'Toole

WANTED: Big *Ben* alarm clock. Clare Morgan

Radio Program Station WHOA

8:29	Breakfast Ditties—by Cafe T. Rea
9:23	Fashion Forecast—by Betty Sutton
10:46	Etikette Ethics—by Margaret Donovan
P.M.	
12:07	Lunch
1:03	Philosophy of Life—by Bernadette Grenier
1:05	Talk on the Care of Red Hair—by Anna McGillicuddy
3:08	Program Scheduled for This Time Postponed
5:30	More Food
7:00	All Stations Quiet until 9:30
9:31	Talk on the Art of Getting a Phone Call—by Virginia Caldbeck
10:00	Good Night, Cherubs

Swinburne and Lamb Tell All

Algernon Charles Swinburne may rest easily in his grave. His character has been completely vindicated. In a personal appearance in the English class, Algernon defended himself in a stirring manner. "I was misunderstood," he said. "My tendencies were inherited from my aristocratic parents. My father was a sea-captain, and my mother was an earl." Why Algernon (or should we say Winifred), how could you!

When "Chris" O'Meara told in class that she was the celebrated Charles Lamb of a previous century, and began to relate the incidents of her life, we smothered our mirth. When she continued by telling of the delight she experienced when given beef instead of horse meat while attending Christ's Hospital, it was difficult to maintain decorum, but we didn't even attempt to suppress our laughter when Miss O'Meara informed us that she had been dead for many years and had become quite famous since passing on.

Hart Barm

by

Feertrice Barebacks

Dear Mith Barebacth:

I love thombody, but thombody elth loveth me. Which thall I mawwy?

Perplecthedly yourth,
Cwith O'Meawa

Dear Cwith:

Yeth.

Weather Notices

Junior Prom—Warm
Final Exams—Foggy
Senior Serenade—Damp

Storm Warning

Mt. Regis Observatory: Severe 60-mile gale approaching from Irate Parents and headed directly for Conditioned Students. Juniors beware!

More Weather

Whether or No

Elevation	On the Hilltops
Air	"Best in the Country!"
Precipitation	Usually sudden
Barometer	Rising
Temperature	Likewise
Pressure	Bearing down
Clouds	Closing in

Us Girls

News Kollect from Kongress

The Class of '38, needing a few leaders to keep things humming for them throughout the year, decided to elect class officers. Because Kay Cournoyer seemed to know how to keep a tribe of Indians contented, she was elected as Chief of the Wa-Hoos. Lois McCarthy was chosen Vice-President to keep the wigwam in order in case the Chief was away. Knowing how wonderful Peggy Sheehan was at keeping and taking notes, the class elected her Secretary, and Marion Mulhern had charge of the money as Treasurer. Anna Caputo, Eileen Donohue, and "Midge" McDermott were voted in as the Big Chief Student Government members, and did their part in keeping the tribe under control.

Lost and Found

Lost: One night's sleep on April 30th. Finder please return to members of the Junior Class.

Found: An amateur fire department. Anyone interested in learning more about this, please get in touch with Elena Perini and Eileen Donohue.

Found: New ways of evading sticky tar on dancing shoes. See girls who attended Junior Prom.

Found: Experienced radio announcer. Anyone seeking publicity for Regis, see Midge McDermott.

Lost: One delicately-tinted thumbnail somewhere between two doors. Reward. See Helena Rogers.

Found: One lost temper for which finder has no use. Loser apply to Mary Murphy.

Literary Square Table

Frost at Midnight	Back Rooms
Lady Geraldine's Courtship	'Nuff Said
The Old Stoic	Mary O'Connor
Cry of the Children	Freshmen Sisters
Gossip on Romance	Mary Malloy

Real Estate

For Rent: Front row seat in Room 217, one to three P.M. Fridays. Heat, southern exposure (too), excellent view. Price reasonable. Apply E. Carman.

Post Proems

Although most of the Juniors were far too tired to read their Prom publication—*The Regista*—after the night of nights, they had a pleasant surprise awaiting them in the morning when they did finally wake—or were awakened. It was another grand memory of a grand week. May bigger and better ones follow!

After the Prom was over, after our guests had gone, a very brave Junior ventured in that stage whisper peculiar to "after hours," "Whom are you taking to the Senior Spread?" Her singular enthusiasm was quickly and thoroughly extinguished.

Among many of the remarks made about the Prom was the one concerning the uncommon number of brothers and sisters there. Not together of course, but well aware of each other's presence.

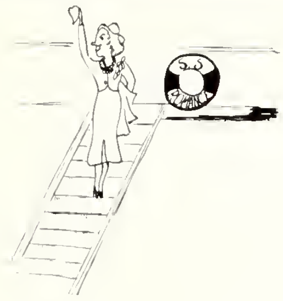
The Junior Prom is over:
Cares and worries gone astray;
What to wear on this occasion,
Who to take from the array.
Now we've gained our self-composure:
Now we've seen the gay bright lights;
And the Prom remains a mem'ry—
Just another night of nights.

Special Dispatch

The Misses Julia Leddy and Priscilla Nolan broke their long held record, and arrived in English class one and four-sevenths seconds before nine o'clock once. Fair going, girls!

Cupid?

Mary Smith Burke heard the toot
Of a car which was near her front stoop.
She said to herself in a voice like a flute,
"Why, I bet that must be my own Jimmy
Blute!"



Lady Margaret Thornton arriving on the *H.M.S. Beach Wagon* from Kendal-on-Green, England.

Stage

Sister Cat, the smash-hit dealing with catette life at the Regis Military Institute, is just closing its third successful year at Weston.

Telly U. All

Little Telly has her doubts. The other day she saw the usual quiet and demure Betty Sweeney running down the top corridor screaming and "Holloran" at the top of her lungs. Later it was discovered that Betty hadn't received her daily letter from that school in Worcester.

One has often heard tell of things being rosy, but for a certain young Junior, things are "Golden-Brown."

What certain little bluebird from Brockton has been seen "Sullying" forth here and there with a certain little Robin from Braintree?

Telly came upon petite Cay O'Brien intently Conversing with someone the other day. Nice Conversation, Caty?

Basketball Artists Win One

The Junior Class again did itself proud in winning several—well one anyway—games. The one outstanding feature about the team was that every girl was capable of playing any position. At least this fact seemed so, for in every game there was a continual shifting of players. Someone has remarked that the reason for this was that the girls were just trying to see which combination worked out best, but this statement has been forcibly denied by Elena Perini, the tall, sturdy bulwark of the team.

Swimming Team Unsunk

They are still talking about the way the Junior swimming team made a last final spurt and gained fourth place in the competition races among the four classes at Regis. It was a long hard fight, but the team, "Ginny" Caldbeck, "Kay" Cournoyer, Margaret Thornton, and Anna McGillicuddy, splashed their way through to the finish.

Ping Pong Players Challenge All Comers

Many of the girls have engaged in this strenuous outdoor sport as a soothing relief from their toiling hours of study. It is really surprising how adept the players have become at this sport. Any of the ping-pongists of the Juniors are more than willing to accept a challenge from any adversary.

Prospects for Next Year

The Juniors are saying, "Come, Let's Get Together" to practice even "If It Takes All Summer," so next year they can return with "Full Flavor" and vindicate all their boasts. Their parting cry to their weakening supporters is "Trust in Me" and their overgrown hope is that their ability will not be "Gone With the Wind."

Ed. Note: "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off."

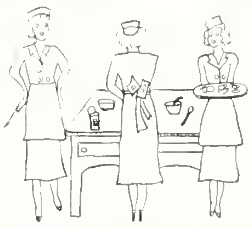
Cinema

Double Feature Today at the
Petromolitan

Rita Sherman
in
Born to Dance

also

More Than a Secretary
with
Rita Murphy



The Difference

Cooking lab from two to four
Flour, butter, milk, and more
Everyone just half alive
All to get a sixty-five.

Making oatmeal and baking cake
These assignments are tests to take
Scientifically taught to boil
And indigestion's pangs to foil.

Funny my mother does so well
And does it better, truth to tell
With ne'er a lesson nor a book
To teach her how to be a cook.

Desire

Oh my, oh dear, I sadly fear
That I'm a little hazy—
To stay inside on such a day
Is cruel; I feel so lazy.
I'd like to spread my silv'ry wings
And fly to Worcester's station;
This may sound like ambition,
But it's just imagination!

MARY HOGAN

They Stooped to Entertain

One night a few months ago the seven o'clock bell summoned less fortunate classes to an evening of study and the Juniors carried their Freshman Sisters piggy-back style over to Regis Hall. After every Junior had securely fastened her little Freshman tightly in the chair, a stirring Wild West drama was portrayed. All clapped in glee to see the cunning villain, Louise Friary, foiled again by Hairbreadth Pauline O'Brien, the trusty copper.

Although thoroughly stunned by such an exciting performance, the little sisters said that they enjoyed the party very much, thank you.

Critic's Note: Kathie Mullen and Helen Lordan were superb as the curtains.

Science Marches On

The Science Exhibit

One of the most successful Science Exhibits at Regis was held under the direction of a Junior, Myra Fitzgerald. The exhibit was, naturally, most scientific, and the displays in the various departments bespoke energetic concentrated work. The judges had a difficult task in awarding the prizes, as all projects were so good. The whole affair reflects much credit on its chairman.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Compliments of
A Friend and Admirer
(*Ad bought and paid for by the juniors*)

PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE
Peachy after Prom

Stock Quotations

	High	*Low*	*Closed*	*Scarce*
Life for Juniors				
April 26-May 1	*			
May 2		*		
Ink				
Near end of Lecture		*		
Textbooks				
During examinations			*	
Veils				
Before May Procession				*

Poisonalities

Sally Pattica

The three Junior chemists, Mary Shaw, Myra Fitzgerald, and Florence Dolan are now working on their great scientific and economic pamphlet, *How to Make Things Boom*. It is said to be dynamic.

Anne Caputo and Eileen Donohue, with their year's experience on the Student Government board as a background, are completing plans to open a day nursery.

An Evening of Study

Tomorrow's Wednesday—let me see—
I've Scripture, French, and Chemistry—
That means I've got to settle down—
Attack these books without a frown—
Oh, Mom! If I'm called on the phone,
I'm busy—must be let alone!
Well, now that's that—now for Corneille
Pierre Corneille was born in—Say!
I knew that once—Oh, dear. Pierre—
Oh listen, there's that cute new air
I heard last night—Oh, sis, please turn
That on louder—"Love and Learn"
Tum-ta-de-ta-da—ho hum—
Corneille was born in—guess I'm dumb!
Corneille, a dramatist of note,
Was born in sixteen-six. He wrote—
—Le Cid—I wonder if my dress
Came from the cleansers yet—I guess
I'll go and have a look—but lo,
It isn't here—Oh, Mom, d'you know
If my red print has come back yet?—
Is that the phone?—Now don't you let—
Oh, wait a sec—I'll take it—What?
Yes, I know I'm busy, but—
It might be "Jack" or "Marge"—I know
I won't talk very long—Hello!
This is she—Oh, hello, Lou—
I didn't expect to hear from you.
Of course—what? No, I didn't know—
What did she wear?—Oh, blue—With Joe?—
Oh, that reminds me—yesterday
I saw the cutest coat—What say?
Oh you did too—a trifle high?
—And did you like it?—So did I.
"Betts" didn't care for it so well—
She's awfully fussy—hm?—Don't tell—
Now? Is she busy?—Studying?—
Oh—then she might give me a ring—
There's someone on your line, you said?
I'll hang up, it might be "Ted."
I think I've studied French enough—
—This atom-structure thing seems tough!
Let's see now—Lewis said, I think,
The atom was—Oh, no more ink!!!
I'll have to go and get some more—
—Sis, come with me to Adams' store?
—You? Studying!—Reformed for Lent?
First time this term, I'll bet a cent.
Come on, your work will keep a while
—We'll only have to walk one mile—
Good-bye, Mother, we'll be back
In just five minutes, to attack
Those books.
I know I said we'd be
Just five minutes, but you see
We met "Betts," Mom—She had to get
Some stamps to write to Bernadette.
You know I haven't talked to her
For two whole days—she has a fur—
Oh, Mom, we really haven't stayed
That long! An hour! We only made—
Oh, all right, Dad, I was going to say—
I won't learn much now anyway—
Now let's see—here goes again—
Scripture, French, and—Oh, that pen!!!
Oh, any day I'd give up this
For a resident student's life of bliss!

Ed. Note: The poet doesn't speak from experience, poor thing!

CLASSIFIED ADS

I. L. Helpu, Grocer

Anniversary Sale
Dates
Dromedary—Blind
Delightful for Prom or Spread

GRAND OPENING
Cafeteria
9:00 P.M.
Soup, sandwiches, soft drinks
A grand excuse for your proctor
Come early and avoid the rush.

U. S. Foundry

Copper mesh stockings for wear in lab. Steel wool skirts guaranteed to last during a year of Chemistry.
Ask for
M. Fitzgerald, M. Shaw

Compliments
of
PAL
The Pupils Pride

Bon Font College

MODEL GIRLS
For Hire by the Hour
Address inquiries to the Dean

Ed. Note:
If it's the girls there,
it's something else here—
the salubrious air for instance

DANCE SPECIAL
EZ Corn Plasters
10c per couple

Baby Fallen Arches
with
Bill's Builder-uppers

Hail and Farewell

The Seniors are graduating from college—they are leaving their Alma Mater as students, only to return as its Alumnae. The Juniors are about to fill these places left vacant by the graduates. This task will not be easy, for the present Seniors have filled them so well. But if the incoming Seniors can uphold the ideals and traditions of Regis only half as well as this graduating class, they will be a group worthy of praise.

Freshman Sisters Favorites

The Juniors were more than fortunate in having such a grand group of Freshman Sisters. This younger class has rallied around their big sisters on every occasion. Their wonderful spirit showed itself especially in their excellent cooperation. Every single one seems to be a stick of dynamite in herself. The entire class is singularly talented, and have offered many amusing presentations throughout the year. The Juniors appreciate their help, and here express their gratitude.

Saved by the Belle

The "different" class of '38
Had never a mark upon its slate,
Until that fatal day in May,
With public speaking in full sway:
When it was announced by the contest leader
That '38 was without a reader.
We were about to toll our knell,
When up spoke that courageous belle:
"I will speak," said she, "to save the face
Of '38 from untold disgrace."
Mary O'Toole was the charming lass
Who saved the day for the Junior Class.

Lillian Burns

Summer Summary

What to do this summer—that is the question. Many girls are thinking of working, others of travelling, and still others of sunning themselves on famous shores. But these are mere trifles when compared to the lucky girls who are planning to engage in that ever popular indoor sport of studying at summer school! The advantages are tremendous—no dusty minds in the fall for these lucky students; but new intellectual acquaintances to boast of, and new catchy sayings of professors to quote! Oh, how little appreciative are these girls.

Ed. Note: Advertisement.

To a Beloved Member

One of the greatest sorrows the Junior class has ever experienced was the loss of their friend and classmate, Betty Fox. Betty, one of the jolliest members of the class was endeared to all, and her memory will always live in the heart of every Junior.

BETTY FOX

Betty

Oh, Betty, you have left us,
You've left your friends behind;
Now lingers with us only
Your mem'ry—gentle, kind.
You've gone unto your Maker,
You've gone to take your place
Among the good who merit
To see Him face to face.
The angels there were lonely,
And from God's chosen few
They asked Him for a virgin:
That's why Our Lord chose you.
He chose you for your goodness,
Your kindness and your grace,
It was your every thought and act
That won for you your place.
There's much that we'll forget
As year by year goes by,
But in our hearts, dear Betty,
You'll never, never die.

Kathleen Cournoyer

Confusion

My most feared class
Has begun
And among
A jangled mass

Boileau
Hugo

Baudelaire
Molière

De Vigny
De Musset

Chateaubriand
George Sand

Are twirling, swirling in a mell.
Five after nine but all's not well.
Oh! Seat of Wisdom do be kind.
And help me catalogue my mind.

Juniors Sing in Schola Cantorum

The Junior members of the Schola Cantorum are indeed deserving of praise for the work they have done for the past three years. They have spent much time practicing, and their singing has been remarkable. During Mass and Benediction solemn notes of their sweet hymns fill the Chapel. At Baccalaureate Mass, the Gregorian Chant was beautiful, adding to the memories that the Seniors will carry away with them. This "Jolly Junior" group is composed of Mary Broderick, Lillian Burns, Anna Caputo, Kay Cournoyer, Mary Gahan, Marion Mulhern, Helena Rogers, and Rita Sherman.

PROM COMMITTEE
M. Sullivan, V. Caldbeck, M. McDermott, M. Lyons, F. Reardon
M. Gahan, L. Friary, A. McGillicuddy

1937 Ju

PROM CHAIRMAN
Margaret McDermott

nior Prom

PRESIDENT and ESCORT
Kathleen Cournoyer

and ESCORT

USA
WORK
PROGRAM
WPA

Junior Class

Broderick, Mary J.	503 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.
Burke, Mary S.	30 Fanning Ave., Norwich, Conn.
Burns, Lillian M.	18 Skahan Rd., Belmont, Mass.
Caldbeck, Virginia M.	31 North Ave., St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Caputo, Anna	100 Lawrence St., Medford, Mass.
Carman, Eileen M.	24 Cedar St., Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Cournoyer, Kathleen M.	82 River St., East Jaffrey, N. H.
Doherty, Rosemary	562 Pleasant St., Brockton, Mass.
Dolan, Florence P.	128 Main St., Hopkinton, Mass.
Donohue, Eileen F.	70 Mt. Vernon St., Lawrence, Mass.
Donovan, Helen J.	73 Halifax St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Donovan, Margaret V.	35 Fayette Place, Taunton, Mass.
FitzGerald, Myra F.	8 Beachview Place, Malden, Mass.
Friary, Louise	467 Weld St., West Roxbury, Mass.
Gahan, Mary R.	20 Locksley Road, Newton Center, Mass.
Genna, Rita M.	11 Presentation Road, Brighton, Mass.
Gill, Genevieve S.	51 Warwick Road, West Newton, Mass.
Gill, Mary W.	51 Warwick Road, West Newton, Mass.
Golden, Anna M.	85 Park St., Stoughton, Mass.
Grenier, Bernadette M.	19 Shepard St., Cambridge, Mass.
Hogan, Mary L.	232 Common St., Watertown, Mass.
Kelley, Aurelia M.	18 Hinckley St., Dorchester, Mass.
Leddy, Julia M.	74 Avon St., Somerville, Mass.
Lordan, Helen L.	8 Maple St., Watertown, Mass.
Lyons, Mary M.	39 Cherry St., Lynn, Mass.
Macdonald, M. Constance	40 Lowden Ave., Somerville, Mass.
Magner, Gertrude F.	27 Reedsdale Road, Milton, Mass.
Malloy, Mary E.	6 Alveston Terr., Jamaica Plain, Mass.
McCarthy, Lois J.	6 Walnut Road, Somerville, Mass.

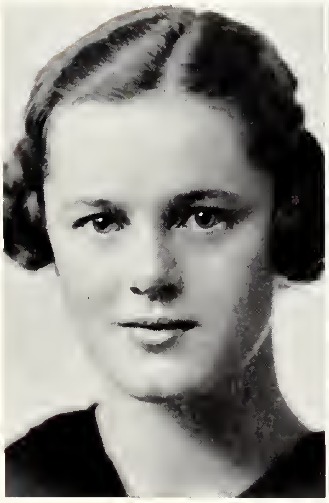
McDermott, Margaret E.	6 Howes St., Dorchester, Mass.
McGillicuddy, Anna M.	141 Nottinghill Road, Brighton, Mass.
McInerney, Geraldine J.	22 Bellingham Road, Brookline, Mass.
McNally, Mary T.	145 Dale St., Waltham, Mass.
Melanson, Mary A.	50 Wiley St., Malden, Mass.
Morgan, Clare F.	53 South St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Mulhern, Marion C.	109 Vernon St., Worcester, Mass.
Mullen, Kathleen M.	1124 Worcester Road, Framingham Centre, Mass.
Murphy, Mary M.	14 Shattuck St., Natick, Mass.
Murphy, Rita F.	44 Beaver St., Framingham, Mass.
Nolan, Priscilla A.	77 Main St., Waltham, Mass.
O'Brien, Catherine R.	24 Washington St., Milton, Mass.
O'Brien, Pauline A.	86 Walnut Ave., Norwood, Mass.
O'Connor, Mary E.	11 Beechmont St., Worcester, Mass.
O'Meara, Christine M.	55 Davidson Road, Worcester, Mass.
O'Toole, Mary A.	1 Park Circle, Islington, Mass.
Perini, Elena M.	205 Prospect St., Framingham, Mass.
Reardon, Frances E.	18 Kilgore Ave., West Medford, Mass.
Rogers, Helena F.	50 Varnum St., Lowell, Mass.
Shaw, Mary H.	4 Elko St., Brighton, Mass.
Sheehan, Margaret M.	21 Fairview St., Newton, Mass.
Sherman, Rita M.	39 Wellington St., West Medway, Mass.
Sullivan, Mary J.	114 Dedham St., Newton Highlands, Mass.
Sutton, Elizabeth V.	24 Mystic Lake Drive, Arlington, Mass.
Sweeney, Elizabeth A.	23 Sumner St., Quincy, Mass.
Thornton, Margaret J.	22 Cottage St., West Concord, Mass.
Walsh, Elizabeth T.	8 Madison Ave., North Cambridge, Mass.
White, Mary J.	4 Bemis Ave., Waltham, Mass.
Sister Etheldrita	Regis College, Weston, Mass.
Sister Gretchen	Regis College, Weston, Mass.
Sister Vianney	Regis College, Weston, Mass.
Sister Williamina	Regis College, Weston, Mass.

Experiencing all the sadness of farewell, we leave those who have been most dear to us here, those who developed the instincts of leadership in the Seniors—our . . .

SOPHOMORES

Mary Carroll
President

Sophomore Class Officers



Dorothy Pearce
Vice-President

Cecilia O'Farrell
Secretary

Margaret Murphy
Treasurer

SOPHOMORE

Always in all ways, by their class principle of doing well the thing at hand . . . preserving the enthusiasm and vigor of their first year . . . adding new laurels to the old . . . the Class of 1939 has reached new heights of achievement . . . despite the traditional discouragement encountered by

CLASS

Sophomores. As Sister class of the Seniors . . . their numerous joys and sorrows have been intimately bound up with the Class of '37 . . . with pledged hearts the Class of 1939 vows fidelity to the ideals of their predecessors.

The Follies of 1939

or "How They Changed"

PLAY BILL

World Premiere
with an all-star cast

Presented by Comma and Colon
Produced by H. Ard Work

CAST
(in order of disappearance)

Dido, or the Caper Cutter	Rosemary Burke
Rip Van Winkle	Gertrude Morrison
Cleopatra	Olive Lombard
Penelope Petit	Marie McCabe
War Admiral	Anne Burke and Ruth Ford
Scarlett O'Hair	"Kay" Farley
Portia	Josephine Carey
Clio, Muse of History	Josephine Carey
Damon and Pythias	Pearce and O'Farrell
Katie Hepburn	Mary Gilbane
Sappho	Harriette Carson
Sibyl	Beth Carroll, B.P. (before philosophy)
Puck	Sally Bosketti
Scipio (so-called from practice of cutting classes)	Alice Dervin
Mary Livingston	Olga DeSimone
Flapper Fanny, a Charleston expert	Virginia Callahan
La Belle Dame sans Merci	One who conditions with a 64%
Mrs. Gail Gay, called "Flower" by her intimates	Corinne Crowley
Cornelia Otis Skinny	Mary Lind
Anna Polis, pride of the Navy	Barbara Sullivan
The Last of the R.H.M.	Virginia Broderick
Mae Weston	Margaret Hart

AUTHOR—IMOGEN HER

Life: (Born to dance—Dead on her feet). "Get Imogen" is the cry when a new play is written by her but so far she has escaped all assaults and riots. She came to Regis for a rest cure and has been doing her writing between periods ever since.

UNANIMOUS ACCLAIM OF ALL!

"*Sophomores are simply marvelous*"	Daily Blurb
"*Oh, yes?*"	School Sceptic
"*Positively without parallel (thank heavens)*"	Evening Call
"*Honestly, we're the tops!*"	Unprejudiced Members of '39

INCIDENTAL MUSIC

Wake Up and Live	6.30 A.M.
Where Are You?	Absence from classes
Trust in Me	Gyp notes
You Can't Take That Away from Me	Radio

SOPHOMORES

SOPHS
OUR 2nd YEAR
AT REGIS

PROLOGUE

No Grecian drama we present to you
With speakers sev'ral and a chorus too;
For o'er a single heroine we pass
To place before your eyes an entire class.
The unities all three we must forego
And scenes of divers times and places show.
But come—to begin! And may the Muses
Smile but not laugh at our puny prose ruses.

ACT I

SCENE 1. MARBLE FOYER. *(Girls everywhere, coming and going. Here and there a Freshman is obvious in her what-the-well-dressed-college-girl-wears attire and her look of wonder and isolation. The Sophomores stand about in chattering groups.)*

"Peg" Murphy: Haven't I seen this place somewhere before?

(Enter Elinor Ryan, wistful and flustered.)

Elinor (sighing): Oh, girls, I'm not late, am I? This will never do to start the year.

Anne: Well, Elinor, at least *you* haven't changed.

(Enter Anne Laffin, Marie McCabe, Dorothy Pearce, "Cid" O'Farrell, Eleanor O'Hare).

Elinor: And what did you girls do this summer?

Anne: We went to the Summer School of Catholic Action.

Dorothy: We want a more active Sodality instanter!

Marie: And, by my great-aunt Hannah, we're going to get one, as sure as I like the name Penelope.

(They continue talking until the others flee before them offstage.)

Solitary Figure (who has been furtively observing all):

Splendid Freshmen plus sophistication,
As Sophomores, are but on probation.

SCENE 2. ASSEMBLY HALL. *(Sophomores are seated. Members of the Student Government are standing about.)*

Victoria Lavall'ee (la petite): I wish to announce . . .

(At the sound of her voice, Isabel Carroll and "Bunny" Nadeau rise.)

Victoria (obscured): . . . that you have elected as officers *(triumphantly peering between the girls from Maine)* Beth Carroll, Dorothy Pearce, Cecilia O'Farrell, and "Peg" Murphy.

SCENE 3. GYMNASIUM. *(Enter blindfolded figures, clad in sheets. Stains of every description suggest war victims; a certain moistness about their persons makes a flood not improbable. In all events, from the number of edibles with which they are smattered, famine is ruled out.)*

Impartial Observers (nevertheless enjoying the spectacle): The poor things!

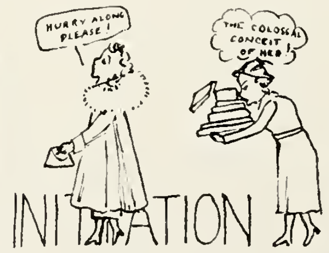
Sophomores (to the song of "Volga Boat Man"): Poor Freshmen, Poor Freshmen, the Sophomores will get you!

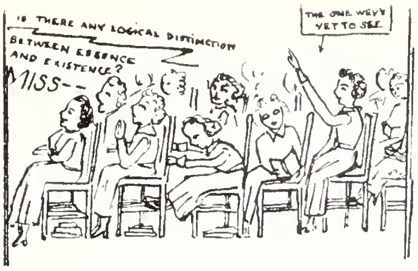
Freshmen: Who's afraid of the Sophomore Class, the Sophomore Class?

(In spite of their spirit, the Freshmen drink deeply of the cup of humiliation. At last the Sophomores lead their sporting victims to the cafeteria.

Solitary Figure:

Their faults are impulsiveness and love of fun
But lack of good will is found in not one.


HURRY ALONG PLEASE!
THE COLOSSAL CONCEIT OF HER!
INITIATION


IS THERE ANY LOGICAL DISTINCTION BETWEEN ESSENCE AND EXISTENCE?
MISS--
THE ONE WE'VE YET TO SEE

ACT II

Scene 1. Parterre. Founders' Day. October 2, 1936.

Any Sophomore to any Senior (fumbling with a corsage): To the nicest Senior Sister ever!

Scene 2. November 7. Regis Hall. *(Filled with girls and mothers not too intent upon cards. The weary committee heads recapitulate.)*

Marie McCabe: St. Jude certainly answered our sponsor's prayer.

Mary O'Donoghue: Well, we have to admit the girls always come through in the end.

Charlotte Ruiter: It's not age that grays our hair . . .

Margaret Landers: . . . it's waiting for this second order of refreshments!

Scene 3. Locker Room. *(Saturday morning. The air is not unshattered and the casual eye is not deceived in thinking the very walls tremble.)*

"Betty" Cunniff: Well, girls, let's get down to the field. No team can beat us!

Olga De Simone: Just a minute. I haven't put on my gym stockings yet. *(She sits down on a pile of books, skates, and odd objects in her locker and leisurely draws on one black tube after another.)*

Margaret Hagen: Hurry up, Olga. *(Olga attempts to rise—the entire row of lockers shakes and clangs. She is stuck!)*

Her Public: Well, Olga, gained weight? Oh, come now, be nonchalant, just ignore it! You can do it if you want to.

(Six Freshmen form a tug line but Olga is an immovable object. She finally squirms herself loose to tumble on the floor, surrounded by all the objects that have been missing for weeks.)

Solitary Figure:

Gone are their fears and all timidity.
Quite changed are these Sophomores certainly.

ACT III

Scene 1. Room 210. *(Wednesday morning. A group of girls is standing near the door, their faces uncertain and nervous. At the sound of the last bell, the professor quickly strides past them with a shake of his head in their general direction.)*

Professor (immediately): Shut the window. It's cold in here.

Gertrude Morrison (to Marie McCabe for the sixty-ninth time since the class has met): I wonder if I should tell him my name ISN'T Morrissey!

Professor (after roll-call): Miss-er *(His pen poises over the list as the class draws in its breath in unison.)* Smiddy.

Catherine (eyebrows raised in reproach): I'm not prepared, Father.

Professor (quizzically): Well, really? It seems to me I'm the one to be angry. *(to next victim.)* What is falsity?

Student: Non-conformity between mind and object of thought.

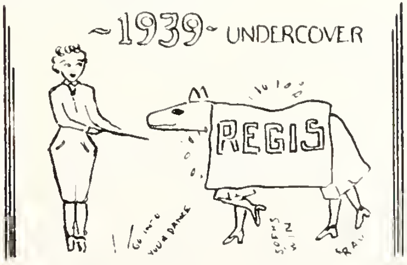
Professor: Well, since I don't know much about you and therefore my idea does not conform to the reality—then that's falsity?

Student: Oh, no, Father, that's ignorance!

Scene 2. Gymnasium. *(Sophomores in black and white uniforms march and drill with precision, closely followed by Anne Burke and Ruth Ford disguised as a horse.)*

Horse (sitting down):

No lines
Assigned
For me to say—
I can but neigh.



Class (as figure R is formed by girls on roller skates) sings: "Regis, we love you ever." *(Enter tumblers with gymnastic display.)*

Dorothea Murray (on top of pyramid to Marion Maloon at base): If we don't win this meet, after the name we've built up in hockey and basketball, it will be a disgrace.

Judge (with aggravating deliberateness): This meet is won, 41-40, by the Sophomores. *(And great was the rejoicing thereof!)*

Scene 3. Dining Room. Fourth morning of Retreat. *(At the end of Grace, hall reverberates.)*

Gertrude Morrison (explosively): What a relief!

Catherine Smiddy: Oh, I didn't mind the silence except at meals. A trifle difficult, you know, to indicate with your left eyebrow that you'll have meat and refuse potatoes with your right.

Rosemary Burke: Wasn't Father LeBuffe wonderful!

"Peg" Murphy: He is if he brings about a reform in you.

Rosemary: You cynic! Anyway, I think his idea of hard-headed holiness is the most practical thing I've ever heard.

Anna Bric: I guess the Retreat was a success.

Ruth Ford: We'll tell better in the next few weeks.

Scene 4. Cafeteria, at 12 Noon. *(The cash registers have almost ended their Symphony in Silver and the first timid gurgles indicate "the pause that refreshes." Clap, clap, clap—and the announcements begin.)*

"Angie" Gandolfo: The French Club at three will be prompt to meet
So when you hear the bell, come "toute de suite."

Eleanor O'Hare: Now if you're good, we'll have a soirée
If only you your dues will pay.

Margaret Hagen: The Tumblers will meet at four o'clock
Let's all be there and give McCaf a shock
I'm sorry no swimming there'll be today
'Cause the bus collapsed on its way!

Beth Mahoney: I'll be glad when they stop and I can eat for a while.

Solitary Figure:

**My fears, I confess, had no certain ground;
As Juniors I'm sure their name will resound.**

EPILOGUE

Chorus:

**As memory limned the past in bare outline
So fancy paints the future's fair design:
The sun of June can scarcely fail to shine
Upon the Daisy Chain's sweet flowing line,
Nor fail to lend its golden honor bright
To graduation's sweet and solemn rite.
Beyond this parting with our Sister Class
Our saddened thoughts nor care nor seek to pass.**

Beth Carroll '39

PLEASE
KEEP OFF

Sophomore Class

Bosketti, Sally C.	19 Bellevue St., Lawrence, Mass.
Boylan, Elizabeth A.	44 Manomet Road, Newton Center, Mass.
Breen, Virginia M.	42 Richfield Road, Arlington, Mass.
Bric, Anne V.	33 Kay St., Newport, R. I.
Broderick, A. Virginia	367 Walnut Ave., Roxbury, Mass.
Buckley, Mary F.	8 Sargent St., Cambridge, Mass.
Burke, Anne C.	86 Loring Road, Winthrop, Mass.
Burke, Regina K.	326 Washington St., Geneva, N. Y.
Burke, Rosemary C.	71 Elk Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.
Callahan, Virginia P.	645 Washington St., Abington, Mass.
Carey, Josephine L.	East Main St., Hopkinton, Mass.
Carroll, Isabel R.	1 Whitney St., Bangor, Maine
Carroll, Mary E.	10 Bennett St., Taunton, Mass.
Carson, Harriette P.	1349 Main St., Waltham, Mass.
Conley, Mary L.	40 Central Road, Somerville, Mass.
Corbett, Elinore A.	90 Westbourne Terr., Brookline, Mass.
Crowley, Corinne M.	55 Garfield St., Cambridge, Mass.
Cunniff, Elizabeth J.	402 Weston Road, Wellesley, Mass.
Deenihan, Mary C.	25 Aberdeen Ave., Cambridge, Mass.
Dervin, Alice R.	18 Westwood Road, Somerville, Mass.
DeSimone, Olga G.	73 Elmira St., Brighton, Mass.
Donovan, Miriam J.	200 Kent St., Brookline, Mass.
Early, Ann E.	43 Spring Park Ave., Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Eden, Mary M.	56 Winthrop St., Charlestown, Mass.
Farley, Catherine R.	72 Belknap St., Dover, N. H.
Feeley, Rita V.	52 Chestnut St., Brookline, Mass.
Fisher, Virginia H.	296 California St., Newton, Mass.
Flynn, Helen G.	300 Common St., Belmont, Mass.
Foley, Margaret M.	184 North Beacon St., Watertown, Mass.
Ford, Margaret E.	30 Common St., Waltham, Mass.
Ford, Ruth H.	32 Beachview Road, East Boston, Mass.
Gandolfo, Angelina M.	91 Waltham St., Maynard, Mass.
Gilbane, Mary E.	24 Progress St., Pawtucket, R. I.
Gilman, Mary E.	44 Glendale St., Everett, Mass.
Gookin, Dorothy M.	90 Walter St., Roslindale, Mass.
Griffin, Patricia M.	Peakham Road, Sudbury, Mass.
Hagen, Margaret E.	74 Rowena Road, Newton Center, Mass.
Hart, Margaret M.	91 Sunset Ave., Lawrence, Mass.

Hasenfus, Mildred L.	970 Dedham St., Newton Center, Mass.
Kelly, Elizabeth R.	657 Washington St., Newtonville, Mass.
Knight, Joan E.	38 King St., Woodsville, N. H.
Laffin, Anne E.	22 Lowden Ave., Somerville, Mass.
Landers, Margaret M.	9 Ridge Road, Lawrence, Mass.
Lind, Mary R.	90 Waban Park, Newton, Mass.
Lombard, Olive M.	47 Charlotte Road, Newton Center, Mass.
Maher, Viola C.	5 Pearl St., North Dighton, Mass.
Mahoney, Elizabeth M.	26 Concord St., Maynard, Mass.
Maloon, Marian G.	29 Robbins Road, Arlington, Mass.
McCabe, E. Marie	51 Arborough Road, Roslindale, Mass.
McCarthy, Eleanor E.	151 Rochambeau Ave., Providence, R. I.
McKenna, Helen G.	70 Scituate St., Arlington, Mass.
McNamee, Louise M.	13 Pattison St., Worcester, Mass.
Morrison, Gertrude E.	12 Chestnut St., Westerly, R. I.
Murphy, Margaret J.	4 Frost St., Cambridge, Mass.
Murray, Dorothea M.	5 Warwick Park, Cambridge, Mass.
Murray, Regina R.	14 Chilton Road, West Roxbury, Mass.
Nadeau, Elizabeth B.	Fort Kent, Maine
Nolan, Ellen M.	14 Pond Ave., Newton, Mass.
O'Connell, Sally E.	231 Edgehill Road, East Milton, Mass.
O'Donoghue, Mary H.	33 Robbins Road, Arlington, Mass.
O'Farrell, Cecilia A.	70 Hichborn St., Brighton, Mass.
O'Hare, M. Eleanor	24 Essex Road, Belmont, Mass.
Paige, Maribeth C.	38 Bradford St., Provincetown, Mass.
Pearce, Dorothy M.	67 Brooksdale Road, Brighton, Mass.
Quinn, Anna F.	628 Lowell St., Lawrence, Mass.
Ruiter, Charlotte M.	Pearl River, N. Y.
Ryan, Elinor C.	34 Wade St., Brighton, Mass.
Shea, Lillian F.	41 Browning Road, Somerville, Mass.
Smiddy, Catherine H.	21 Curve St., Framingham, Mass.
Sughrue, Anne M.	12 Linden Place, Brookline, Mass.
Sullivan, Barbara M.	451 Broadway, Newport, R. I.
Tracy, M. Katherine	13 Griswold Court, Uxbridge, Mass.
Wilson, Edna C.	52 Oak Square Ave., Brighton, Mass.
Wyman, Irene M.	22 Hillside Terr., Belmont, Mass.
Young, Helen F.	94 Standard St., Mattapan, Mass.
Sister Evelina	Regis College, Weston, Mass.
Sister Juan	Regis College, Weston, Mass.

As we pass regretfully from these hallowed halls, we are proud of those who have proved that loyalty and constancy preserve the bond of fellowship . . . our

FRESHMEN

Barbara Norton
President

Freshman Class Officers

Eleanor Coppinger
Vice-President

Janet Ahern
Secretary

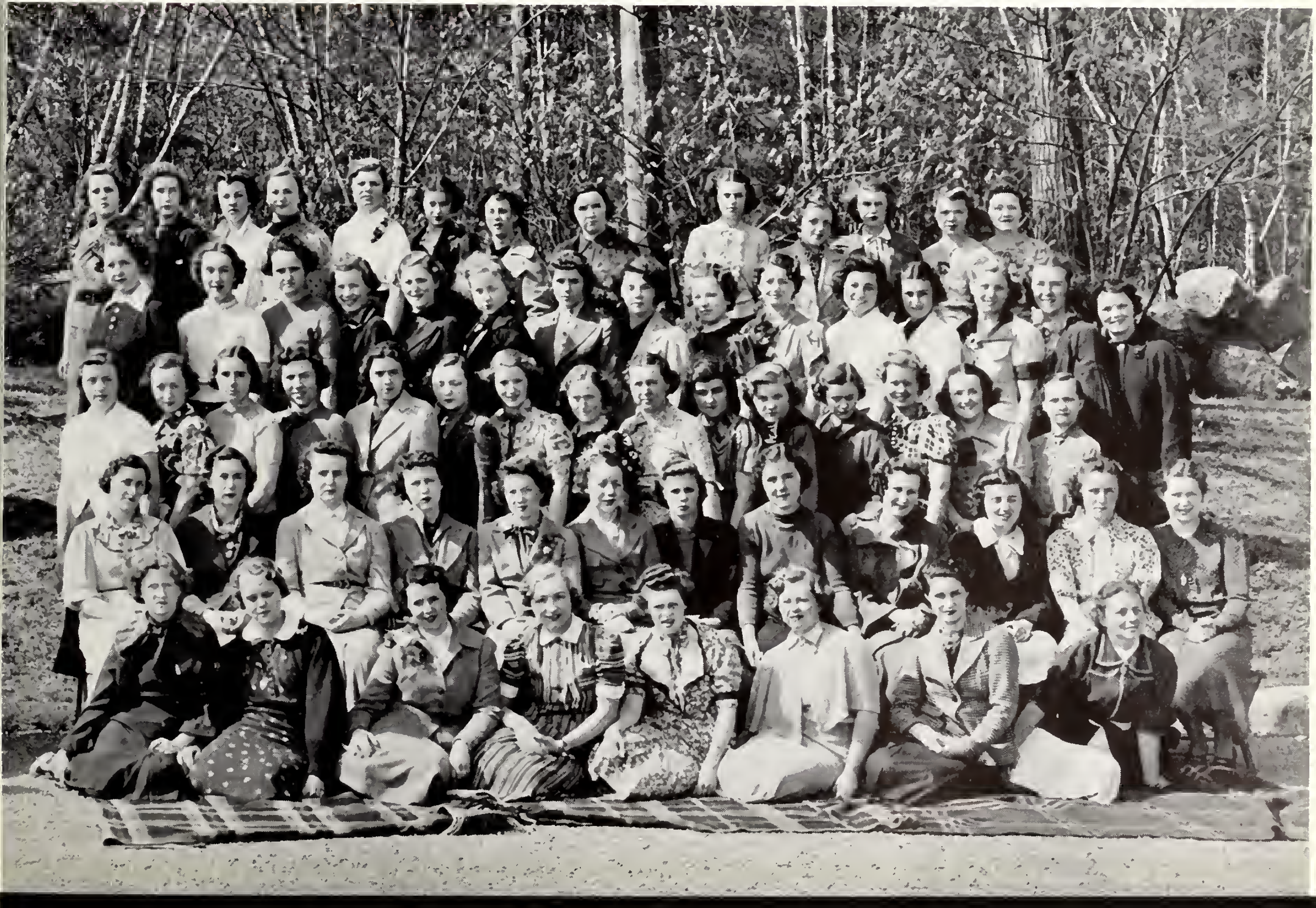
Julia O'Brien
Treasurer

FRESHMAN

Recognizing unity as the source of strength . . . the Class of 1940 engendered new spirit in the youthful heart of Regis . . . in one full memorable year blending bright new color in the kaleidoscopic picture of undergraduate life. Students of unusual ability . . . athletes of enviable achieve-

CLASS

ment . . . exponents of genuine religious convictions . . . socialites of undeniable charm . . . so have the Freshmen proved themselves . . . success is inevitable to a class thus endowed.



Freshman History

REGIS GUIDE

September 16, 1936 witnessed the largest entrance class in the history of the college; one hundred and forty strong stormed the Regis campus. The inevitable period of adjustment was more prolonged than is customary, for it seemed that whomever we timidly asked for advice turned out to be just another bewildered freshman like ourselves. We were everywhere! Much to our surprise, (and subsequent discomfort), we were given a Regis Guide, Alma Mater's first aid to her youngest daughters. Could it be possible that such angels as we, needed these humiliating little volumes! The very thought stung our pride, but being magnanimous we quickly forgave.

The first inconvenience which we presented to our professors, was the difficulty of finding a class room large enough to hold us. We remember with what dismay the teachers beheld their first class! One look and we were promptly marched up to 306: dear old 306 is now indelibly engraved on our memories. Our activities in those early days were concerned chiefly with bells, stairs, programs, and frantic searches for our missing "backgrounds," (possibly undiscovered as yet).

Perhaps our first real taste of college life occurred when we were royally entertained at the Tea Room by our Big Sisters, the Juniors. The remarkable talent of our Sisters quite overwhelmed us, and many a freshman swelled with pride as she beheld her Sister imitate Bing Crosby or Zasu Pitts. Our reception by the Sophomores, in which we provided the amusement, should not be overlooked. For three endless days we dragged ourselves from class to class, impeded by sheets, ropes, wastebaskets and overshoes. For three interminable days we bowed beneath the scorn of our tormentors. The serenity with which our teachers received us, garbed in such array, puzzled us, until we realized that we were not the only freshman class to undergo the rigours of Initiation Week, and that for them the novelty had no doubt worn away. Those long tiring days were crowned by a grand finale which, along with destroying every vestige of conceit, gave many of us excellent ideas for the time when our turn should come to do the honors.

An event both enjoyable and profitable to us all was Founders' Day, which took place October second. It was the occasion of a very solemn and impressive ceremony in which the Seniors received their cap and gown. How many of us wondered if the day would come when we too should be participants in a similar scene! Later in the day, while Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores respectively sang their class songs, a strong feeling of loyalty and pride stole over the hearts of each one of us, and we realized then, that the name of Regis would be loved and revered among us forever. Accordingly, we set out the very next day to compose our own class song, and to the tune of "Anchors Aweigh" we marched onward!

Hail Regis, College dear,
We praise thy name,
Onward throughout the years,
We will spread thy fame,
"1940" will ever be,
Loyal to you,
Launched on the sea of life
We'll remember, and fore'er be true.

You guard those 'neath your care
With a strong firm hand,
Class of '40 will do their share
To spread your fame throughout the land.
Days here at Regis passed
We'll ne'er forget
Life 'neath her standards true
1940 never will regret.

Our reception into the Blessed Virgin's Sodality took place on December eighth. With what caution we tiptoed down the long corridor into the candle-lit chapel! With what nervousness we fingered our new medals, and adjusted our lace veils! For us, the ceremony was all too brief, but we heard later that more than a few of the upper classmen suggested that we have a "collective" blessing of medals in the future.

Entwined about this more delightful side of college life was the all-important problem of classes, which, (fortunately perhaps) demanded a great deal of our time. In English we were reluctantly forced to the conclusion that we had much to learn; in French we struggled desperately to gloss over our anglicized pronunciations; in History the fact that there have been other eras than our own came as a rude awakening to many of us; but it was in the "Lab." that our characters as well as our constitutions were subjected to the acid test! There it was ours to answer the question, "Are we men or mice?" Some of us met Botany with banners waving triumphantly, but Zoology was accompanied by many a heart rending downfall! One of our most devoted zoologists, however, attained, (with the moral assistance of seven or eight embryo Linnaeus') vertiginous

zoological heights with Aristophanes, a truly noble specimen, who will linger lovingly in memory for many a day.

A rather delicate little incident occurred one blue Monday morning which, in retrospect, may fittingly be classified as painful. One which brought the entire class to its feet with jarring suddenness. We grudgingly admit that a slight stimulus on Mondays isn't entirely out of order, but the sudden presentation of Warning Cards following a peaceful weekend, that first blue Monday was too much of a shock. Judging from the number of those who were the recipients of such favored attention via the Dean's office, one might almost imagine that the immaculate envelopes were the heralds of distinction, to be sought for, rather than avoided. One of our dejected members attempted to express herself on the subject and devoted a recitation period to the production of the following Poesquian jingle, which revealed the sentiments of us all, as well as decided lack of attention during class.

Once upon a morning dreary, we assembled weak and weary,
    To await the distribution of a host of warning slips;
As I sat there, wondering, fearing, while my destiny was nearing
    And I tried to whisper prayers that faltered at my trembling lips,
Suddenly my name was uttered, and I slowly took the floor,
    "'Tis a grave mistake," I muttered—only this, and nothing more.

Ah distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
    And each trembling ghostly classmate glued her eyes upon the floor.
Desperately I wished the morrow, vainly did I seek to borrow
    Some assistance from my neighbor, whom I blindly did implore.
But let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore,
    Mistake it is—and nothing more.

But 'twas then that I awakened, and the firmament was shaken,
    When I felt a slip of paper slowly slide into my hand,
Grim reality came stealing, and I had the queerest feeling,
    As a shaking ship-wrecked sailor senses when he reaches land;
And my spirit from the moment lodged on Night's Plutonian Shore
    To be lifted—nevermore.

Nor did classes alone require all of our attention. We found an enjoyable outlet for our excess energy in the gymnasium, where our activities culminated in glory at the Exhibition. Even with mid-semester exams looming menacingly near we all managed to put heart and soul into this exhibit. The back stairs to the gymnasium had become a bustling thoroughfare connecting with every corner of the building. An inexhaustible store of energy seemed apparent in even the most delicate of us, and all displayed commendable willingness and enthusiasm. The Danish exercises were really our forte although it pains me to admit that we would have given a performance

even more creditable, had some of us learned our arithmetic while in grammar school. For it was discovered one day during practice (by the Euclid of 1940), that should the weaker artists place themselves at every seventh interval in the march, they would eventually arrive underneath the balcony, far from the public eye. However, whether the occasion was too much, or the excitement of a strange shower just before coming on confused us, our counting was left to the Fates, and whether our best or our poorest eventually found themselves under the balcony, history has left unrecorded.

March rolled around, bringing with it our annual Retreat. For three entire days, under the kindly guidance of Father LeBuffe we experienced that sublime peace of soul which is ever present during such occasions, and even our own angelic natures were conscious of the need for reform. What a rude awakening; even the angels are peccable! As consolation, we secretly pictured the reformation that would have to take place in the upper classes, and in this manner unconsciously mitigated our own failings. All too quickly did these few heavenly days slip away, and before long we were placed back on earth, and confronted with the problem of putting into practice our good resolutions.

April thirtieth was upon us before we realized, accompanied by the wonders and mysteries of a Junior Prom. These had been visualized from early school days, and the actuality left nothing to be desired. The night of the Prom recalled to many of us our Registration Day at Regis, in which we explored with angelic curiosity the spacious marble foyer, all agreeing that to dance on its glassy surface would be the realization of our fondest dreams. And so, to the inimitable music of Kearney and Collander our first Junior Prom at Regis came to a close, leaving us pleasant memories and sufficient material for conversation until our own Prom.

Commencement Week brought us just a bit closer to the heart of our Alma Mater. Despite the fact that we were kept busy day and night praying for good weather, we all managed to steal a few moments to insert a prayer of thanksgiving that we were spectators not participants in this glorious yet strangely melancholy occasion.

The trying, testing days of our first year are bound in Memory's pleasant volume. Three snow-white pages await their entries, while we, with pen in hand, pledge that these entries shall represent our honest endeavors.

May we add just a bit to your glory,
By our loyalty, loving and true;
May each year that we spend 'neath your portals,
Prove our worth and devotion to you.

HELEN HOGAN

Initiation Night at Regis

Everywhere the air was tense,
The Freshmen balked in self-defense,
The night had come, as great nights do
When the Freshmen met their Waterloo.

Wrapped in a sheet, tied with rope,
In tunic fashion, need I note
With rubber caps so tightly clinging
The dampened curls could stand a wringing.

Nothing daunted, we obeyed these words,
'Now Freshmen, mask yourselves with beards,
Then stoop to let your sisters willing,
Blindfold your eyes to prevent a killing.'

At last we felt a door swing wide
And from the dungeon there inside,
Came groans and wails, midst shouts of glee,
"Halt," said our fellow men—"Then flee."

"Too late," said they who caused this disgrace,
Something soft was rubbed o'er my face,
"What's that," I demanded, in gurgling tones,
"The mouse," said they, "just minus his bones."

Seizing the rail as we groped down the stairs,
The sponsors came running to make their repairs,
And see that we lost our dignified walk
By coating the stairs with butter and chalk.

At every landing, eleven in all,
Sophomores were stationed with spice and gall,
And dishpans full of slimy liver,
To make the Freshmen shake and quiver.

At last the victims entered the hall,
The scene was set, like the prisoner's ball—
And each Freshman arose, stage-struck and all,
To render her solo for the Sophomore's brawl.

We had done our duty though it cost,
The prize, we knew, would never be lost,
They defined us all, and this was our aim,
A Freshman Class worth the Regis Name.

Martha P. Ford '40

PRIVATE GROUNDS
REGIS COLLEGE

Freshman Class

Ahern, Janet J.	1080 Adams St., Dorchester, Mass.
Bagley, M. Elizabeth	127 Maynard Road, Framingham Center, Mass.
Bailey, M. Loretto	60 Chestnut St., Brookline, Mass.
Bateman, Ruth J.	18 Ellsworth Ave., Cambridge, Mass.
Belliveau, Doris E.	147 Weston St., Waltham, Mass.
Brady, Margaret A.	33 Coolidge St., Lawrence, Mass.
Brandy, Emily J.	188 Berkeley St., Lawrence, Mass.
Brennan, Mary T.	48 Waverley St., Belmont, Mass.
Browne, Mary E.	30 Winthrop St., Charlestown, Mass.
Buckley, Kathleen J.	8 Sargent St., Cambridge, Mass.
Burgoyne, Loretta M.	112 Magoun Ave., Medford, Mass.
Burke, Geraldine K.	326 Washington St., Geneva, N. Y.
Burke, Margaret M.	68 Cedar St., Wakefield, Mass.
Burrill, Eunice F.	104 Train St., Dorchester, Mass.
Byrne, Julia	Dennisport, Mass.
Cabeceiras, Palmyra M.	196 Goden St., Belmont, Mass.
Cahill, Margaret E.	1521 South Main St., Fall River, Mass.
Cain, M. Patricia	Country Club Road, Melrose, Mass.
Carey, Lucille B.	2001 Commonwealth Ave., Brighton, Mass.
Carroll, Marjorie J.	263 Woodland Road, Woonsocket, R. I.
Cavan, Mary T.	1 Sheldon St., Haverhill, Mass.
Connolly, Helen J.	29 Franklin St., Arlington, Mass.
Considine, Mary C.	46 Fuller St., Waltham, Mass.
Coppinger, Eleanor M.	22 Tyler Ave., West Medford, Mass.
Creedon, Madeline L.	1 Montgomery St., West Roxbury, Mass.
Crowell, Evelyn K.	19 Prospect St., Gloucester, Mass.
Cunniff, M. Beatrice	402 Weston Road, Wellesley, Mass.
Davitt, Bernadette K.	713 Main St., Woburn, Mass.
Deary, Florence E.	511 Academy Ave., Providence, R. I.
DeBaggis, Palma A.	49 Ruggles St., Franklin, Mass.
Desmond, Mildred A.	51 Wildwood Ave., Newtonville, Mass.
Dever, Constance M.	11 Prince St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Dillon, Marie V.	35 Aberdeen Ave., Cambridge, Mass.
Donovan, Elizabeth J.	356 Middle Road, Portsmouth, N. H.
Donovan, Marcella M.	61 Monument Ave., Charlestown, Mass.
Doran, Louise C.	27 Magoun St., Cambridge, Mass.
Doucette, Eleanor A.	53 Prospect St., Wakefield, Mass.
Duffy, Mary E.	15 Russell Road, Wellesley, Mass.
Dwyer, Mary L.	17A Gordon St., Allston, Mass.
Fahey, Margaret L.	304 Westford St., Lowell, Mass.
Ferraro, Virginia R.	87 East Brookline St., Boston, Mass.
Fitzgerald, Lillian P.	107 Winn St., Belmont, Mass.
Flaherty, Eleanor L.	52 Main St., Maynard, Mass.
Ford, Martha P.	30 Common St., Waltham, Mass.
Ford, Mary E.	24 Washburn Ave., Cambridge, Mass.
Forrest, Louise C.	33 Central St., Somerville, Mass.

Freel, Alice M.	121 Orange St., Clinton, Mass.
Freel, Mary E.	121 Orange St., Clinton, Mass.
Golden, Dorothy A.	44 Warren Ave., Marlborough, Mass.
Gough, Constance M.	5 Wren St., West Roxbury, Mass.
Grady, Elsie M.	76 Walnut St., Clinton, Mass.
Griffin, Claire M.	26 Arborway, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Guthrie, Mary E.	30 Bromfield Road, West Somerville, Mass.
Harrington, Eleanor M.	Fairview Ave., Jefferson, Mass.
Hastings, Mary F.	82 Franklin St., Clinton, Mass.
Herlihy, Alice V.	168 South Main St., Florence, Mass.
Hickey, Mildred C.	63 Georgia Ave., Lowell, Mass.
Higgins, Marion B.	Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, Mass.
Hogan, Helen J.	232 Common St., Watertown, Mass.
Holleran, Kathleen M.	912 Washington St., Dorchester, Mass.
Hoye, Mary G.	129 Broadway, Taunton, Mass.
Irwin, Katherine V.	855 Commonwealth Ave., Newton Center, Mass.
Joyce, Muriel A.	64 Valentine Park, West Newton, Mass.
Kerr, Mary K.	34 Perry St., Brookline, Mass.
Kiely, Gladys E.	22 Avon Place, Arlington, Mass.
Knodell, Ruth A.	69 Russett Road, West Roxbury, Mass.
Largay, Grace E.	144 Buckingham St., Waterbury, Conn.
LeMoine, Irene G.	13 Tremont St., Maynard, Mass.
Leonard, Mary M.	18 Fernald Terr., Dorchester, Mass.
Levangie, Jeannette M.	79 Allen St., East Braintree, Mass.
Lillis, Elizabeth A.	23 Seagrave Road, Cambridge, Mass.
Macdonnell, Leona M.	196 Park St., West Roxbury, Mass.
Madden, Margaret M.	11 School St., Waltham, Mass.
McCarthy, Marie A.	316 Huron Ave., Cambridge, Mass.
McCourt, Gertrude H.	34 Hopkins Road, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
McDade, Margaret K.	301 California St., Newton, Mass.
McDermott, Gertrude M.	9 Walnut Ave., Cambridge, Mass.
McDevitt, Mary F.	31 Robbins Road, Lexington, Mass.
McDonald, Lorraine F.	16 Ashford St., Allston, Mass.
McGarry, Dorothy L.	10 Hart Place, Woburn, Mass.
McGrath, Ellen C.	130 Hampshire St., Lowell, Mass.
McInnis, Eugenia F.	25 Brandon Road, Milton, Mass.
McKay, Agnes B.	553 Brookline Ave., Brookline, Mass.
McKenney, Christine M.	15 Sargent Road, Swampscott, Mass.
McKiernan, Mary E.	204 Lockwood St., Providence, R. I.
McManus, Mary G.	18 Crescent Road, Winchester, Mass.
McNeil, Rita M.	53 Bristol Road, Medford, Mass.
McNulty, Dorothea M.	183 Belgrade Ave., Roslindale, Mass.
McSoley, Alice E.	21 Miller St., Warren, R. I.
Melanson, Ruth E.	2 Upland Road, Watertown, Mass.
Mitten, Martha L.	58 Somerset Ave., Winthrop, Mass.
Monahan, Ruth E.	346 Franklin St., Framingham, Mass.
Moynihan, Eileen P.	47 Arborough Road, Roslindale, Mass.
Murphy, Helen C.	15 Upland Road, Brighton, Mass.
Murphy, Mary V.	105 Fresh Pond Pkwy., Cambridge, Mass.
Murray, Pauline F.	High St., Winchendon, Mass.

Norton, Barbara C.	53 Monmouth St., Brookline, Mass.
O'Brien, Julia M.	76 Mapleton St., Brighton, Mass.
O'Connell, Margaret M.	35 Norris St., Cambridge, Mass.
O'Connor, M. Ursula	State Teachers' College, Framingham, Mass.
O'Donoghue, Elizabeth M.	33 Robbins Road, Arlington, Mass.
O'Leary, Marie T.	8 Worthington St., Cambridge, Mass.
O'Sullivan, Katherine M.	Bedford Road, Lincoln, Mass.
Palmer, Phyllis M.	North St., Graniteville, Mass.
Paradis, Doris L.	50 Delano Ave., Revere, Mass.
Pendergast, Norine G.	30 Pleasant St., Norwood, Mass.
Peters, Helen M.	746 East Fourth St., South Boston, Mass.
Powers, Helen A.	181 Common St., Belmont, Mass.
Quigley, Adelaide E.	29 Edwin Road, Waltham, Mass.
Quinn, Marion V.	26 Hill St., Quincy, Mass.
Rock, Eleanor C.	7 Fairmount St., Nashua, N. H.
Ryan, Frances T.	28 Maple Ave., Cambridge, Mass.
Sampson, Mary R.	27A James St., Brookline, Mass.
Savage, Mary M.	7 Gardner Terr., Allston, Mass.
Scanlon, Marie M.	137 Church St., West Roxbury, Mass.
Shea, Mary E.	60 Goodenough St., Brighton, Mass.
Shedd, Helen M.	16 Hatch Road, West Medford, Mass.
Silvia, Louise P.	57 Langley St., Fall River, Mass.
Sline, Marjorie	73 Union St., East Walpole, Mass.
Smith, Mayrose K.	108 Winthrop St., Brockton, Mass.
Stack, Grace L.	1315 River St., Hyde Park, Mass.
Stauffer, Alice M.	35 Tavern Road, Boston, Mass.
Sullivan, Bernice M.	21 Church St., Hopkinton, Mass.
Sullivan, Sheila H.	25 William Jackson Ave., Brighton, Mass.
Walsh, Agnes M.	35 Avon St., Wakefield, Mass.
Warnke, Ruth A.	71 Fairmount St., Marlboro, Mass.
Whalen, Phyllis M.	13 Hudson St., Somerville, Mass.
Whelan, Dorothy P.	75 Ludlow St., Yonkers, N. Y.
Williams, Ruth E.	27 Lemuel Ave., Chicopee, Mass.
Winchester, Eileen M.	16 Holland Road, Worcester, Mass.
Wyman, Geraldine L.	22 Hillside Terr., Belmont, Mass.
Sister Lois	Regis College, Weston, Mass.

Developing our ingenuity, expanding our initiative, the social nucleus of our college life was discovered in the broad horizon of our . . .

ORGANIZATIONS

Student Government

President	Victoria M. Lavallée '37
Senior Councillors	Margaret H. Shaughnessy 37
	Mary L. Walsh '37
	Mary C. McCarthy '37
Junior Councillors	Anna Caputo '38
	Eileen F. Donohue '38
	Margaret E. McDermott '38

The Student Cooperative Government completed its ninth anniversary with a year of active service and distinctive accomplishment. The council, consisting of the President and three members of the Senior and Junior classes, cooperated generously with the faculty in enforcing regulations in regard to social and disciplinary matters. All their energies were directed towards the aim of increasing in the individual student a greater sense of responsibility and of pride in her college.

The members of the 1936-1937 Student Council deserve to be congratulated for the order and discipline which they maintained at all time throughout the building. They have worked with energetic courage and with loyal fairness both to faculty and to students in order to further the high standards and the best interests of Regis.

E. Donohue, M. Shaughnessy, M. McCarthy, A. Caputo, M. McDermott
M. Walsh, V. Lavallée

Spiritual Council

Prefect	Marie V. Shalloo '37
Vice-Prefects	Ruth A. Heywood '37 Mary R. Keefe '37
Secretary	Alice R. Torphy '37
Treasurer	Mary P. Boyle '37

This year found the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary one of the most active organizations of the college, both in a spiritual and in a material sense. Inaugurating its spiritual activities on December eighth, one hundred and thirty-eight freshmen were received into the Sodality. An inspiring sermon, delivered to the newly enrolled Sodalists, was preached by the Reverend John A. Keegan of the Church of the Precious Blood of Hyde Park.

In an endeavor to make all students true Apostles of Catholic Action, and to make the Sodality the centre of all activity, both curricula and extra-curricula, six basical committees were recently formed, embracing all phases of action—Eucharistic, Marian, Mission, Publicity, Catholic Literature, and Social. These committees arranged and presented programs at various Sodality meetings during the year.

The leading feature of the February program was a lecture on Communism presented by the Holy Cross Sodalists.

The Sodality year came to a fitting close with the May Procession, which was a final expression of the Sodalists' love and devotion to Our Blessed Lady who had guided them during the year.

M. Boyle, M. Keefe
M. Shalloo, R. Heywood, A. Torphy

Le Cénacle Littéraire

President	Marguerite R. Chartier '37
Vice-President	Doris A. Roberts '37
Secretary	Mary L. Walsh '37
Treasurer	Mary S. Burke '38

Because of its many and varied activities, *Le Cénacle* enjoyed a year *par excellence.* At the initial meeting, an unusually large number of students were welcomed and the aim of the club defined. To effect this aim, which is primarily cultural, the Seniors developed a series of interesting projects: the geographical divisions of France, French possessions, French dress and customs, the *merveilles* of France, the romantic châteaux, folk lore. In the field of fine arts, illustrated lectures were delivered on French musicians, artists and painters.

As is customary in the *Cénacle*, dramatics held a prominent place in its activities. The Junior members presented *Le Mystère du Vieux Fauteuil* by Kergoat, and the Seniors, the modern comedy, *La Paix Chez Soi* by Georges Courteline. Under the auspices of the club, the students witnessed delightful presentations of French classics at the Wellesley Play House.

It is the hope of the Seniors that the members of *Le Cénacle* may retain their spirit of loyalty and cooperation and that the club may continue to exercise a powerful educational influence in the department of French.

M. Walsh, M. Burke, M. Chartier, D. Roberts

Der Deutsche Verein

President	Doris F. Duchaine '37
Vice-President	Margaret M. Sheehan '37
Secretary	Mary M. Eden '39
Treasurer	Marie C. Shalloo '37

Der Deutsche Verein enjoyed a most successful year, both socially and scholastically. Its calendar of events included a tea, a play, and various illustrated lectures.

At the first meeting of the year, the club was honored with the presence of Dr. Gertrud Günther, former professor of German at Regis. An illustrated lecture on their summer trip to Germany was also presented by two alumnae, the Misses Mary Hamilton and Irene Kelly. At Christmas, an enjoyable tea was held at Regis Hall at which the Christmas spirit was awakened through the singing of German carols. The most outstanding and important event of the year was the presentation of a play, *Die Schulreiterin*, a clever one-act comedy, by Emil Pohl.

The cooperation of individual members who carefully prepared interesting papers read at the monthly meetings, and the fine spirit of the remaining members, are responsible for the club's very great success.

M. Sheehan, M. Eden, D. Duchaine, M. Shalloo

El Circulo Español

President	Grace L. Gai '37
Vice-President	Helena F. Rogers '38
Secretary	Victoria M. Lavallée '37
Treasurer	Anne V. Waters '37

The outstanding achievement of El Circulo Español for the year 1936-1937 was the publication of *The Guadalupan*, dedicated to Our Lady of Guadalupe, the club's patron. The quarterly, which contained many interesting and educational articles on Spanish life and famous Spanish figures in the literary and artistic fields, was edited by the four club officers, who were aided in their work by contributions from all the members.

Throughout the year many enthusiastic meetings were held. The first gathering in honor of the new members was held at *Carondolet* in October and was dedicated to Saint Teresa and to Christopher Columbus. Another meeting was celebrated in commemoration of the centennial of the birth of Gustavo Adolfo Becquer, "The Spanish Poe."

A lively debate on the Spanish situation, followed by the annual tea and musicale, brought to a close the most successful year of El Circulo Español.

G. Gai, H. Rogers, A. Waters, V. Lavallée

Sigma Tau Phi

President	M. Constance Macdonald '38
Vice-President	Mary C. McCarthy '37
Secretary	Helen L. Ryan '37
Treasurer	Ruth A. Heywood '37
Editor	Marie V. Shalloo '37

From the newly entered Freshmen to departing Seniors, an enthusiastic interest has been shown in the activities of the Sigma Tau Phi during this year. To welcome the Freshmen, the older members gave a tea at which the aims of the club and of its paper, the *Res Litterarum*, were set forth. The tea closed on an informal note with community singing. At the monthly meetings, the members gave talks on the origin and development of marionettes, and on many other classical subjects, particularly Homer and his poems. The closing meeting of the club, which is the annual outdoor party, took place amid the rustic surroundings of the brook.

The project of the Sigma Tau Phi for this year was the staging of marionette plays. It seemed an ideal plan, for it was with the ancients that puppets first originated and became popular. Through these plays it was hoped that the interest in classical drama would spread throughout the College. The final performance was an adaptation of Plautus' *Captivi*, very successfully planned and presented.

The Sigma Tau Phi was represented at the meetings of the Classical Association of New England.

M. Shalloo, H. Ryan, C. Macdonald, R. Heywood, M. McCarthy

Historical Club

President	Marguerite M. Leary '37
Vice-President	Grace E. Hayes '37
Secretary	Madeline T. Dwyer '37
Treasurer	Mary P. Boyle '37

The Historical Club, founded three years ago, for the purpose of creating college-wide interest in historical study has rapidly progressed.

In October the first formal meeting of the Club took place. A program, selected from the Historical Survey Course taken by the Freshmen, comprised a discussion of the laws of Hammurabi and the Athenian Lawgivers, Draco, Cleisthenes and Solon. The Age of Martyrs was the topic under discussion during the November meeting, wherein the members of the class in Church History conducted the meeting. "Cathedrals as the embodiment of Catholicism in the Middle Ages" and "Illuminated Manuscripts" were topics of discussion at the meeting in December. The Freshman class in history prepared the program. Variety and interest were featured by the Seniors at the February meeting when they presented a program in celebration of the 150th Birthday of the Constitution. In March the Club had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Wilfrid O'Leary, Master in the History Department in the Boston Latin School, lecture on the Supreme Court. In April the club's activities culminated in a soirée held in Regis Hall. Talented members entertained, and luncheon was served during informal discussions.

M. Leary, M. Dwyer, M. Boyle, G. Hayes

Reading Club

President	Matthia E. Marley '37
Vice-President	Mary M. O'Connell '37
Treasurer	M. Katherine Tracy '39
Recording Secretary	Alice R. Torphy '37
Corresponding Secretary	Rosemary C. Burke '39

The Reading Club again welcomed to its monthly meetings an enthusiastic circle of book lovers. At the October meeting, Miss Helen Watson, member of the Massachusetts Bar and instructor in Parliamentary Law, aptly reviewed outstanding books of the year and sounded a challenge to our Catholic college women to spread the apostolate of good reading and to decry and combat the influence of books attacking our Faith.

Miss Mary Catherine McDonough, in a delightful and informal address at the December meeting, indicated opportunities for Catholic college graduates in press and radio fields. Practical suggestions were drawn from her own experience in journalism, broadcasting, and the instruction of personality classes.

With the fine appreciation and keen appraisal of a trained mind long associated with books as friends, Mr. William J. O'Rourke, Librarian of the Brockton Public Library, presented his stimulating lecture on books and reading from the point of view of the librarian.

In alternate months, the meetings took the form of round table discussions in which individual members evaluated current favorites chosen from fiction, biography, drama, history, humor, etc. Each review was followed by contributions from other members who wished to express opinions, pro and con, on the worth of the books selected, the style and philosophy of the authors.

M. Marley, K. Tracy, A. Torphy, R. Burke, M. O'Connell

Secretarial Club

President	Mary E. Foley '37
Vice-President	Esther M. McDonald '37
Secretary	Margaret E. McDermott '38
Treasurer	Lillian M. Burns '38

The 1936-1937 activities of the Secretarial Club stimulated among its members an interest and appreciation of the conditions in the modern business world. With this aim in mind, the Club presented various programs designed both to entertain and to educate.

The season opened with a tea and reception to the Freshmen members at which the entertainment was provided by the Senior members. The Christmas season was celebrated with great enthusiasm at a gala Yuletide party, complete from presents, lighted tree, carols to Santa Claus himself. The Junior class members presented a strictly business meeting, featuring a lecture on Insurance. The Club's program ended with a dramatic production, which afforded many members an opportunity to show their latent talents.

Through these activities the members of the Secretarial Club have spent many enjoyable and profitable hours gathering ideas and information about current problems and conditions. The graduating members of the Club sincerely hope that it will continue to grow both in interest and numbers, for its purpose and aim are indeed worth while.

M. Foley, L. Burns, E. McDonald, M. McDermott

Mathematics Club

President	Doris L. Lebel '37
Vice-President	Ruth A. Heywood '37
Secretary	Doris F. Duchaine '37
Treasurer	Dorothea Murray '39

With the dual aim of fostering individual endeavor and of broadening mathematical concepts by giving its members an opportunity to become acquainted with the connecting links which bind together the several branches of the subject, the Regis College Mathematics Club was founded in October, 1936.

Many members contributed to the interest of the monthly meetings by presenting papers on historical topics, on current topics, and the ever-fascinating "short-cuts" of mathematics.

The club made its contribution to the annual science exhibit which proved even more successful than last year's display. The outstanding units presented were: "the triangle," including a demonstration of the nine point circle, the Brocard points and the orthocentric quadrilateral; a historical survey of mathematics; a demonstration of applied mathematics and a presentation of mathematical curves.

The graduating members of the club extend to future members the wish that they may carry on and derive as much pleasure and satisfaction from the organization as did the Class of 1937.

R. Heywood, D. Lebel, D. Murray, D. Duchaine

Louis Pasteur Club

President	Elizabeth T. Donovan '37
Vice-President	Alice M. McConville '37
Secretary	Matthia E. Marley '37
Treasurer	Doris L. Lebel '37

Inspired by the zeal and fervor of Louis Pasteur, the science students of Regis College have followed the path emblazoned by him, and have helped to keep alive those materials and subjects that were so dear to him. Demonstrative lectures and experiments conscientiously performed by the students of each department have constituted the endeavors of the members.

Each monthly meeting has brought forth a physicist, chemist, and biologist, each enlarging the members' scope of scientific knowledge. In this way the theoretical side of science has been made practical and more interesting. The events of the club for the past three years have been successfully climaxed by the annual science exhibits. Originality, untiring energy, and interest have in no small measure contributed to their success. By the constructive criticisms and experiences of every year, each exhibit has surpassed the other.

May the ideals of Louis Pasteur, cherished by the scientists of '37 continue, with their passing; and may the club, dedicated in his name continue in its glorious work!

A. McConville, E. Donovan, M. Marley, D. Lebel

Home Economics Club

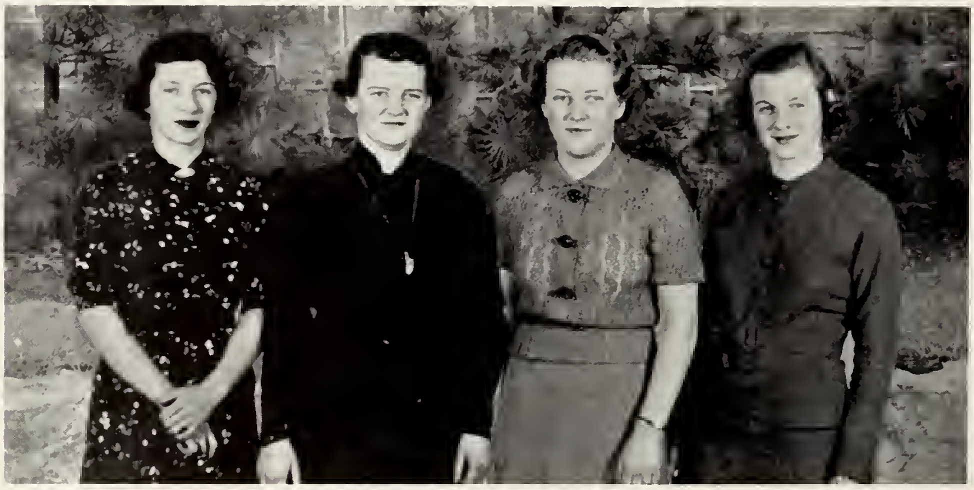
President	ALMA T. MULLIGAN '37
Vice-President	MARY J. CALDBECK '37
Secretary	MARY J. SULLIVAN '38
Treasurer	VIRGINIA M. CALDBECK '38

The Home Economics Club is heralded every year with the traditional candlelight ceremony which initiates our new members. A supper prepared by the girls was served to all club members and an entertainment was furnished by our more talented girls. A Knitted Style Show, in which several club members acted as models, was presented to the entire student body. The current fashions in knitted wear showing its suitability for all occasions were viewed with interest by the audience.

At the joint meeting of the New England and Massachusetts Home Economics Association in October, the club members had the pleasure of hearing Dorothea Brande, the author of the much discussed best seller, *Wake Up and Live*. At Christmas, a play entitled *Mistletoe Time* acclaimed the histrionic ability of our Freshmen. Food donations, generously given as the admission fee, served to "feed the hungry" at Christmas. In April, the Club presented a Costume Pageant showing the history of dress from the Egyptian period up to the present day.

The Club closes its yearly activities with a Clothing Exhibit which is held the first week of June. Students and visitors show great enthusiasm and bestow generous praise on the work done by the girls.

The Club is affiliated with the National Home Economics Association and has an active membership in the State Home Economics Association.



A. Mulligan, M. Caldbeck, V. Caldbeck, M. Sullivan

Ethelon Club

President	Katherine M. O'Brien '37
Vice-President	Frances E. Reagan '37
Secretary	Mary M. Lyons '38
Treasurer	Elizabeth A. Boylan '39

The Ethelon Club, ἐθέλων, signifying "willing," composed of Social Service students, held its annual Fall Penny Sale in the gymnasium of the College. Due to the added cooperation of the mothers of the students and of the Alumnae engaged in social work, the Sale doubled its profits this year. These proceeds were used in the distribution of Christmas dinners as well as for other urgent needs which arose during the year as a result of the field visits made by the students in the course.

Another activity was the Campus Tea held at Regis Hall on May 12th for the supervisors of the Alumnae and students engaged in social work. An added feature was the presentation of a play entitled *Found, a Sister*, which was enjoyed by those interested in the work of rehabilitation. Short talks were given by the representatives of the various agencies so that all might become acquainted and exchange ideas. Tea was served by the Sophomores of the course, while the Juniors and Seniors acted as hostesses to their guests. The season closed with the annual Spring picnic given to the children of the Catherine Moore House of Boston at the summer home of one of the members of the Club. Due to the aim of the Club, which is that of service to the poor, few purely social activities are undertaken, unless the proceeds are to be used for this purpose.

M. Lyons, F. Reagan, K. O'Brien, E. Boylan

Orchestra

President	Margaret M. Foley '39
Vice-President	Eleanor F. Jarvis '37
Secretary	Mary E. Foley '37
Treasurer	Rita B. McArdle '37

Regis, this year, attracted several new members for its flourishing orchestra. Enthusiasm was its keynote. A club was formed which elected unanimously its director for the presidency. Incidentally the president has merited esteem for her inimitable style as conductor and has gained the enthusiasm and cooperation of its members.

Now that the orchestra is in full swing it provides all the necessary music for all college activities at which the works of the greatest masters are offered in a most finished interpretative style. The orchestra did itself proud ensconced in the foyer for the entertainment of guests arriving for the first national College Day to which Regis acted as hostess. The program for St. Cecilia's Day, our initial performance of the year, was enhanced by the musical selections of our guest harpist. Never were Christmas carols so feelingly rendered as when the audience was carried on *The Bethlehem Road*.

Our great object is to make the Commencement of 1937 unique in the musical history of Regis. The possibilities of the orchestra depend in a great measure on continued cooperation and opportunities to display its nascent talents.

E. Jarvis, R. McArdle, M. M. Foley, M. E. Foley

Glee Club

President	Mary E. Conlon '37
Vice-President	Marion C. Mulhern '38
Secretary	Anne M. Sughrue '39
Treasurer	Marie V. Shalloo '37

"A little music now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."

Somewhat diffident as to whether we could maintain the high standards set for us by the Glee Club of last year, '37 set to work with a will and its efforts were well rewarded. The dominant note of the Glee Club was sounded early in the year at the annual Caecilian Concert—"We Sing Because We Love To Sing," This spirit has animated rehearsals and reflected itself audibly in the lovely light quality of the voices.

"There is music in good speaking
There is speaking in good music."

Hand in hand with the Dramatic Club, Glee Club members joined their talents to make the two leading productions of the College, the Christmas Play and the Commencement Play, outstanding successes—lending at once a musical atmosphere, artistic, and refreshing. Regis Glee Club has done some excellent work—Long live the Glee Club!

No account of musical activities at the College would be complete without a sincere word of praise for the Schola Cantorum. Three years ago the Schola started on its career. Never once has it wavered in its purpose of setting forth the ideal in true Church music. We are proud of our Schola Cantorum!

M. Mulhern, A. Sughrue, M. Conlon, M. Shalloo

Dramatic Club

President	Anne T. Cox
Vice President	Mary P. Boyle
Secretary	Alice M. McConville
Treasurer	Elizabeth T. Donovan
Junior Representative	Rita M. Sherman

Under the skilled and faithful efforts of the director, Mrs. Josephine Holmes the Dramatic Club during 1937 rose to new heights in play presentations and in inculcating an enthusiastic and ardent spirit in the members. Juniors and Seniors alone have been eligible for membership and the club has maintained a high standard through their talent and appreciation of the Masters.

The first annual production was the Yuletide play presented by the Senior class, entitled *The Bethlehem Road*. It was a major achievement, a dramatic, fascinating performance. The traditional comedy presented for the student body by the Juniors—*Casey's at Christmas*—occasioned much mirth and applause.

The second semester club activity confined itself to the practice and presentation of the Commencement Play, *Winter's Tale*, which proved to be the triumph of a remarkable year. It is with no small pride that we point to the growth of the Dramatic Club as a fundamental factor in the extra-curricula life of a Regis student.

R. Sherman, M. Boyle, E. Donovan, A. McConville, A. Cox

The Regis Herald

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M. HELEN SHAUGHNESSY '37

Associate Editor
MARGARET M. O'CONNELL '37

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Business Assistants
MARY P. BOYLE '37
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EDITH S. LEVINS '37

The Regis Herald embarked upon its third year of publication with an excess of literary ambition and journalistic energy. "Night and Day" might well have been its theme song, just as "Pleasing the Pupil Population" was its main endeavor.

It is the sincere hope of the editor that the function of *The Regis Herald* as the voice of student opinion and its status as a representative product of Regis College has been fulfilled. Though still in its pioneer days, the *Herald's* 1936-37 staff trusts that its efforts have contributed a definite step in the successful journey of *The Regis Herald* through the years.

Regis Alumnae

President

President	Mary R. Maloney '31
First Vice-President	Alice M. Griffin '31
Second Vice-President	M. Frances LeBossiere '32
Recording Secretary	Rita F. Harrington '36
Corresponding Secretary	Gertrude A. Grady '34
Treasurer	Ruth M. O'Keefe '35

The Alumnae calendar of the 1936-1937 season shows two outstanding events: the alignment of Regis with the International Federation of College Alumni and the inauguration of Regis College Night at the Pops. The former event, occurring in the scholarly atmosphere of West Point, did much to heighten our prestige with older colleges; the latter, from a social and financial viewpoint, was a delightful triumph and we are fortunate to have worked under the aegis of our skillful Guild President, Mrs. Joseph V. Carroll.

During the past months, our activities have been varied. In April, the Alumnae presented Mr. Patrick Moynihan, Director of Public Welfare, in a heart-stirring lecture on "Ireland, Her Heroes." Our Annual Spring Bridge proved to be a success. No report of alumnae affairs would be complete without some mention of our colorful dances at the Copley-Plaza, the Vendome, and the Ritz-Carlton.

In conclusion, the Alumnae stress the growing enthusiasm for the Study Club whose work we desire to have sponsored in homes during the coming seasons. This plan is but one of many whose form will crystallize this summer as we gather in Scituate for informal but pithy board meetings.

Regis Guild

President

President	Mrs. Joseph V. Carroll
First Vice-President	Mrs. Francis J. Horgan
Second Vice-President	Mrs. John W. Gahan
Recording Secretary	Mrs. Charles E. Early

With the election of Mrs. Joseph V. Carroll as President, the Regis College Guild commenced its active program for the year 1936-1937. At its first meeting at the League House in Boston, Monsignor Augustine F. Hickey, Spiritual Director of the Guild, gave an inspiring talk on the home and its place in education. At the second meeting, a luncheon was held in honor of the new President and in farewell to the retiring President, Mrs. Sidney Dunn.

In January, Mr. Charles A. Mitchell, former Principal of the American School in Japan, presented an illustrated lecture on "Our Problems in the Far East." Later in the year, other lectures of interest to an enthusiastic audience were given, notably that of Mr. Walter McCarthy, State Commissioner of Public Welfare, and Attorney-General Paul Dever.

The annual Bridge and Tea held in the marble foyer of the College for the benefit of the scholarship fund was a memorable and successful event.

The outstanding achievement and novel feature of the Guild was accomplished in May with the introduction of Regis Night at the Pops. Due to Mrs. Carroll's personal sponsorship and untiring effort, Symphony Hall was filled to the utmost with Regis friends who thrilled to the enchanting music of the Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Arthur Fiedler. The Regis Guild brought to a fitting close another successful year with the annual Mass and Communion Breakfast at the College.

Striking the combined notes of profundity and frivolity, we present next the attempts to immortalize our college life through our . . .

ESSAYS
HISTORY
PROPHECY
WILL

LITTÉRATEURS

Senior Class History

Freshman Year

1934
1935
1936
1937

The Class of 1937 has reached the end of its scholastic career and so, before we embark on the pursuit of new careers, let us pause a while to look down the path on which we have traveled for four years—a path hedged in with tangible facts and intangible memories.

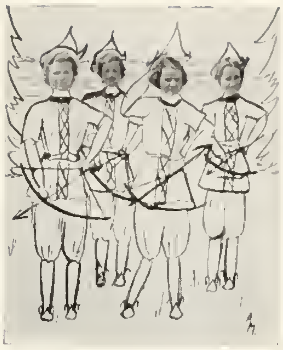
On Registration Day of September 18, 1933, the Class of 1937 began its scholastic career. I suppose we were typical Freshmen, but thought ourselves quite different, for surely no other class had as lovely a group of Junior sisters as we had nor had another class ever been so lavishly entertained! But even Junior sisters could not protect us from the terrors of Livy and the pitfalls of Logic! How earnestly we applied ourselves to the study of Latin, and how well remembered is that awful day when Audrey Kenney, forgetful of the Professor's oft repeated warning, declared that Sappho was a man! But Freshman year was not without its joys for the Class of '37 was fêted at many parties in the fall of '33 and in January we acted as hostesses and entertained our Junior Sisters at a Masquerade. Spring was welcomed, for it meant no more icy walks to the "lab" and more walks to the town of Weston. Commencement Week came with unbelievable rapidity, and the "Freshies" sallied forth to attend their first spread.

Sophomore Year

Upon our return in Sophomore year, from our superior heights we looked down on the lowly Freshmen, but, in truth, we were a little jealous of them, for '37 missed the glare of the spotlight which focused so strongly upon the new members. But soon came the chance to acquaint themselves with the "freshies" and with great zeal we initiated them into college life.

Founders' Day of Sophomore year was unforgettable, for on this day, our new Senior Sisters were invested with the mark of seniority and we presented them with corsages. In this year '37 added to its fame by winning the annual debate held between Freshmen and Sophomores, and refused to believe the Juniors' remark that the Sophomores, by tradition, always won. But '37 found its troubles this year, too, and many a peaceful sleep was disturbed by the horrors of Philosophy with its "ad se" and "postiories."

In January of '35 we donned our best evening frocks and sallied forth to the Boston Opera House to attend a performance of *Miss Dolly Dollars* and thereby permit the whole world to feast on the beauty of '37. In this year we



entertained the school with our *Amateur Night*. Anne Cox was our "Major Bowes" and Kay O'Brien and Felicienne O'Keefe escaped the "gong" with their rendition of the *Object of My Affection*, Marie Shalloo made a perfect "blues singer, and Alice Torphy as Ruby Keeler was, all agreed, superb! Eileen Sullivan and Grace Hayes proved that they would be worthy of the West with their singing of *Home on the Range*, and all admitted that our powers as entertainers were unlimited.

In June, the Sophomores lent color to the Commencement play, *Robin Hood*, with their famous Bow and Arrow Dance. It was really miraculous that any member of the Class of '37 survived to tell the tale, for the dancers concentrated on their feet, forgetful of the weapons they held in their hands. Many a Sophomore later said a fervent prayer of thanks that she did not live in the days of Robin Hood!

JUNIOR YEAR

In Junior year we were the social butterflies of the College, and on October 17, received our Freshman Sisters at Regis Hall and entertained them with a real old-fashioned melodrama, with Anne Cox and Alice Torphy respectively as the villain and the heroine. Ethel Jarvis entertained with several monologues, and our President, Helen Ryan, welcomed the guests, and later tea was served. On October 19, we again acted as hostesses and welcomed our friends to a bridge in Regis Hall. Between such festivities, classes were held and many a Junior's brow was wrinkled by the cares of Psychology—prescribed for all!

At the Christmas tree party, the Juniors presented a "shadow" play, with Anne Cox and Marie Shalloo as the leading "shadows." The ensuing months were filled with the usual triumphs and failures of any class, but, in March, the Juniors became a class apart, for the great week—Junior Week—was fast approaching. After the usual preliminaries of elections and committee appointments, the class settled down to serious planning. Grace Gai was our enthusiastic chairman, and the "Week" officially opened with Mass and a Communion Breakfast held on April 27.

Fr. Daly

Our Mothers' Bridge, with Mary Boyle as chairman, was held in Regis Hall, which, with flowers and gay spring print dresses, looked like a fairy land, and all agreed it was the best bridge ever held! Then on Friday, May 1, the great moment in the lives of the Juniors arrived—the Promenade. That night the strains of music, as played by Ed Murphy's orchestra, floated through the corridors, and an array of varied-colored balloons bobbed up and down in the attractive foyer. The Tea Dance held the next afternoon at the College swung Junior Week to a glorious end. June of that year brought to us the realization that soon our class would achieve the high and dignified state of seniority, and we left for vacation wondering just how we were

The Class of 1937

going to look in the Cap and Gown.

SENIOR YEAR

In September of 1936, we returned as undergraduates for the last time. We gazed at the Freshmen and wondered if they held us in as much awe as we had the Class of 1934. Somehow, though Seniors, we did not feel a bit awe-inspiring. The days fast slipped by, and Founders' Day arrived with all its glory and significance for the Senior Class. For three years we had watched others don the toga of seniority and wondered how they felt, but I do not believe there is a Senior here today who could describe the emotions she experienced as she stood before the altar and was invested with the Cap and Gown by our Ethics Professor, the Reverend William J. Daly. But there was a song in our hearts as we accepted congratulations and received corsages from our Sophomore Sisters. At the faculty banquet, we simply sat and gazed at one another in speechless wonderment. It was a beautiful day which will live as a cherished memory of the Class of '37.

Fr. LeBuffe

Senior year was not without its trials, and although we enjoyed Monday morning privilege, how we rushed to make our nine o'clock American History class! Seniors, too, enjoyed the eight o'clock evening dinner permission, but there was a memorable night when eight Seniors returned at the late hour of nine o'clock after a taxi mishap, and a wild hike on the inky black roads of Weston, to be greeted by the Dean with the question, "Where have you been?"

J. Ahern as Madonna
Adoring Child

The leading roles in our Christmas production, *The Bethlehem Road*, were taken by Anne Cox, "Betty" Donovan, and Alice McConville, and once again the Seniors were makers of history. Our last Christmas at Regis will be in our memories a beautiful one. At midnight the Seniors donned Cap and Gown and holding lighted candles walked through the halls singing the old and loved Christmas carols. There was more than one of '37 who suffered from a "lump" in her throat and tears in her eyes as we silently bade farewell to all

R. Burke as the Granduce Madonna

the lovely Christmases we had at Regis.

In March, the Boston College Playshop presented *Another Mourner* which was enjoyed by all and was one of the many projects to help finance the Mount Regis. Indeed, many underclassmen looked upon the Seniors as bill collectors, but this was all for a noble purpose, and we were willingly forgiven. In March, we attended our last retreat in the College, and so for us it held a deeper meaning than ever before and the successful efforts of our retreat master, the Reverend Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J., made these few days golden ones in our lives.

After Easter vacation we returned to complete the last few weeks of our college life. In April we staged our final drive for the Mount Regis and all loyal Regisites resorted to the Hotel Somerset to attend Mrs. Henry Williams Inman's presentation of paintings of famous Madonnas.

Fr. Gillis

On April 8th we had the pleasure of hearing the Reverend James M. Gillis, C.S.P., whose delightful description of travel and its cultural advantages caused many a student to leave the Assembly hall determined to some day sail the seven seas.

In April the Class of '37 held its last elections selecting Virginia Cunningham for Chairman of Senior Week. and Doris Lebel as May Queen. On May 9th the May Procession in honor of our chosen Queen, and in honor of the Queen of the May was held. The day was a glorious one, so beautiful it seemed that nature itwelf was paying homage to the Queen of Heaven and to our fair Queen. The day had an added significance in that it was Mothers' Day. At the grotto of Mary, the May Queen surrendered her crown to our Blessed Mother, and an unforgettable Regis May Day ended with Benediction on the parterre of Regis Hall.

Our college careers are coming to a close. There remains to us the Senior banquet and the granting of degrees. *Today we are Seniors. Tomorrow we are alumnae.* Ours has not been a history of great deeds, but a history of growth. Growth in knowledge is obvious; for four years we have tread in the paths of learning. Our growth in faith has been a rich one. Our growth in friendship a strong one. Four years ago we came here as individuals differing in every respect. We leave as a united group, possessing an undying loyalty to our Alma Mater and to those ideals she taught us. Our college history has ended but our life history is just beginning. May it be as joyous and rich as has been that of the Class of 1937!

MARGUERITE M. LEARY

Historian

The Twentieth Century Heresy

"Today is a day of transition!" The ringing words reach our ears from the pulpit, and rostrum, and improvised platform throughout the nation. The scientific age of progress during the past century gained such momentum that society has shouted for a halt. "Enough of mechanical science. The human being suffers yet from crying needs which the progress of science cannot relieve." Thus we have stopped today to take a breath, and in the respite, to reflect on this great password of advance—Progress! Oh, the wheels have ground fiercely enough, but since humanity still suffers, have not the tracks been lain perhaps, upon the wrong course?

History folds in her voluminous pages the time-tested record of what each age has termed progress from the stout beginnings of a rib-rocked Christianity, through the thirteenth century, that untarnished Golden Age of Church culture, down to the present day. In the ages that intervened, as the pendulum of time marked the upward or downward course of human action, spurious philosophers have sought to disintegrate the basis of religious thought. The past five centuries have contributed definitely and logically to the would-be destruction of Christ's kingdom on earth.

The sixteenth century denied that there must of necessity be only one, true Church. The seventeenth century denied the authenticity of that Church's text book of final authority—the Holy Bible. The eighteenth century denied that the Author Himself was of divine as well as human nature. The nineteenth century discarded not only the divinity of Christ but the existence of any Deity. Now the twentieth century has swept in a new anachronism—the silent, defiant ignoring of the very term, Religion.

This is the twentieth century heresy. Oh, it may be cloaked in the new-style apparel of liberalism, or rugged individualism, or nationalism, or communism, or modern humanism—but stripped of its disguise it stands, the naked, ugly spirit of the age, rejecting Christ.

We Americans have clung tenaciously to the belief that, as were the Jews of antiquity, so are we today "a chosen people," and we have gone on independently, adopting as our slogan of progress: "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." The result of our progress? It is a world fruitful to the pleasure-seekers, sterile to the abandoned; full and running over to the wealthy, destitute to the down-trodden.

Standing opposite this false spirit of progress in the full armor of His words and works, is the glorified Christ. The children of light list to His sweet voice: "Without Me, you can do nothing . . . *I* am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

Jesus Christ, the foremost Teacher of all time, promulgated two simple rules for genuine progress: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God above all things and thy neighbor as thyself for the love of God." The first, to love Him, has been forsaken.

The second, to love our neighbor as ourselves, has been trampled, to be raised anew by rugged individualism in the funereal bindings of base egoism. Our built-up civilization, jarred by the onrush of today's godless forces, rocks upon its foundations.

Never in the past has the heresy of the age been more truly a check upon the stride of social progress. Man, touched by the wisdom of old, asks: "Can all the ages of religious fervor be erased by this attempt of modern man to cleave religion from business, from the family, and from education?"

Let us consider the aspect of business. The eclectic spirit of today has attached to the modern labor system the self-seeking, unfair rivalry, and monopolistic domination that are more worthy of a pagan past than of an advanced Christian era. Our social philosophy is impregnated with materialism and irreligion. The situation produced has been: mills overcrowded with costly machinery, and the laborer's family pinched with want; banks bulging with capitalistic wealth and the proletariat unable to establish his home in security; rich storehouses packed with grain and foodstuffs and the city's population unable to create a suitable market.

The inability to liquidate wealth, amassed by labor to the excessive profit of the owner, the loss of our natural right to a living wage, and the gradual forfeiting of our constitutional privileges of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, are the direct results of Materialism. Our new life is weakened by our enmity towards Christ, by our modern parody that our will, not His, be done.

A related incident will serve to contrast the philosophy of labor as proposed in Pope Leo XI's *Rerum Novarum*, and the policy of money-crazed individualism. Some hunters on the shores of Lake Michigan observed a pack of wolves creeping down upon a herd of deer to devour them. One of the deer glimpsed their slow approach and immediately giving the signal to the others, led them off in a band to shelter. But a wolf, sensing the fatal aim of the gun of *his* superior, fled to the forest, and as gun-fire sounded the alarm, each wolf bolted alone to safety.

Those who organize, and plan, and labor as mutually dependent members in the Mystical Body of Christ, are the deer; the hirelings are the independent materialists who will forsake even their own at the call of imminent danger.

Groping in the exterior darkness that envelops us, it is small wonder that we, the 20th century "children of light," who are trained for leadership in promoting genuine welfare, advocate a return to Him "Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness and hath translated us into the kingdom of the Son of His Love."

While polishing the outside of the cup, we must not neglect the more important cleansing of the inside. Thus we arrive at the second phase of today's problem—the family. If we would promote Christ's kingdom on earth we would first realize indeed that the "Kingdom of God is within you," and we would commence in the inner circle.

Man is a microcosm containing in himself not only a reproduction of the constituency of the universe, but of divine, super-nature as well, by participation through grace. If every individual did seek in himself the kingdom of God and His Justice, all other things would, ipso facto, be added unto us. Another anecdote will clarify the idea. The father of a young boy who fostered a passion for jig-saw puzzles, presented him with a duplex puzzle. Guided by his father, the boy worked assiduously upon the cover of the box, until he had repieced a pattern which proved to be a picture of himself. Then, carefully turning the puzzle over, he found put together what would have been a most difficult task—the map of the world. The lesson is salutary.

The stability of family life is the core of human progress. "The home is the crystal of society." But in the moral and economic disintegration of the recent past, one cause has swept in another effect, one denunciation has clung fast to another. The decline in business morals has borne in its wake the relinquishing of the ideal of the divine institution—the Home.

Catholic womanhood is at a vantage point to wrest back this essential pillar of society, uprooted by unthinking youth, and irresponsible or rejected parenthood. The scope of the problem is tremendous; the answer—a woman, "flowering in Christ." The zealous St. Paul said of marriage: "This is a great Sacrament . . . in Christ and in His Church." Family life is a natural organism, coeval with mankind, unconfinable to any race or creed, immutable under feigned substitution. Minds which have been driven apart by diversion of opinions are one in their attack upon the permanency of the home—the home, sanctified and exemplified by Jesus Christ Himself in His human relations with Mary and Joseph.

The evidence of the divorce court, showing one out of every six wedlocks ending in dissolution, pictures for us a generation without thought to posterity, discarding the life-partner to whom allegiance was sworn unto death, building up a moral code on pretense. The intellectual and supernatural development of the child is broken in the bud. The report of the Illinois Parole Board for 1922 reads in part: "Broken homes, caused by parental troubles and misfortunes such as divorce, separation, desertion, and death of one or both parents are the primary facts leading to delinquency." Is this progress?

Rev. Walter Gwynne, D.D., author of *Divorce in America under State and Church* complains: "It took more than 500 years for ancient pagan Rome to reach the degeneracy of the later republic in the matter of divorce. It took less than 300 years for Christian America to reach the degeneracy which ranks her lower than any other nation in Christendom, and is scarcely exceeded by non-Christian Japan."

The origin and force of our modern condition does not arise from incidental circumstance, but from a subjective, irreligious philosophy of private life. In the midst of its created chaos, Christ's mouthpiece, the Catholic Church, echoes in unaltered tones the words of her Founder: "What therefore God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

It is for the Catholic college girl, trained and educated in the pure spirit of the home, to apply the panacea. She is the emissary of Christ's gospel, who must exemplify the meeting and embrace of the real and the ideal of two sacramentally wedded loves. She will engrave upon the scutcheon of her family: "Christ is the head of this house, the unseen Guest at every table, the silent Listener to every conversation." It is for her to prove that "soul" is not an archaic word, that spiritual love is not a pious fraud, that true love is not carnal. Marriage includes mystical, as well as physical union. St. Paul has compared the sacramental union of man and wife, symbolically, to the union of Jesus Christ and His spouse, the Church.

There is a third consideration which calls for treatment—the present system of education in the United States. When Horace Mann inaugurated this system in the early half of the last century, the home and the church were fulfilling their duties of moral and religious training. Consequently, a method was established which merely developed the intellect in the arts and sciences. It was for other social agencies to guide that sensitive instrument of conduct—the human will. Observation reveals that today's broken-down home is incapacitated for such a high function. Protestantism has split itself into atomistic insignificance. It is now but the "vanishing dream" of a past history. Communism, a growing giant among the young, is utterly godless. Yet the school continues to persist with its philosophy of negation.

When the super-developed animal in man turns brute and the painstakingly developed mind of man claims proud superiority at any cost, not the ultra-modern curriculum of a progressive institution will prevent him unless that school has inspired something intrinsic, dynamic, soul-vital. When the blood of man runs full with the innate desires of greed, and power, and sensuality; when the mind of man is driven headlong toward wanted, unjust possession, not years of careful training in the humanities nor a lifetime study in the arts and sciences will restrain him. The popular, self-independent universities have ousted the great Teacher, Who again repeats with calm and steady voice: "Without Me you can do nothing . . . I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

The National Catholic Alumnae Federation has published a manifesto calling upon American college students to fight those modern forces which are seeking to destroy man's faith in God. The forces named are the absolute state in the order of government; Communism and materialistic capitalism in the economic order; perversions in the moral order.

Shall we be found wanting? Shall Christ, disappointed by our response say to us also "So long I have walked among you and you have not known Me." The twentieth century heresy of irreligion has made destructive inroads into the spiritual vitality of our nation. It is for us, Catholic College graduates, advancing in unbroken body upon the course of true progress—it is for us, as Americans and Christocrats to revitalize our country and to upbuild within its confines the kingdom of Christ on earth.

May God Who is Infinite Wisdom, bless our beginnings, fructify our labors, and gather to Himself the harvest sown for His glory.

Author

Anne Cox

Class Prophecy

Science has its compensasations, so today we profit through the televisionatic apparatus which operates on the same idea as the magic carpet. Out of the ether, by a mode quite beyond my comprehension, contemporary events can be flashed on a large screen. This device had been invented by Professor Einstein and perfected by Doris Stevens, who has introduced radical changes in the field of science. "Stevie" and I, to commemorate the fifteenth anniversary of our college graduation, planned to bring back in sight and sound our Regis classmates. In due time, she lands her autogyro on the side porch of my penthouse, $178\frac{3}{4}$ stories above New York's Great White Way.

We tune in at once, successfully focusing on the screen a familiar face; then we hear a voice which is even more familiar. We realize that we are in touch with Congress, listening to none other than Mary Keefe, Huey Long's successor, for whom the world has been waiting since the sudden demise of the "kingfish" many years ago.

By turning a mysterious-looking dial, we are tendered a view of the main drawing-room of the "Aching Hearts' Club" whose president, Mary Boyle, is ably assisted by Madeline Dwyer and Mae Walsh. This club is a refuge for all maidens who have been disappointed in love, and refuses to allow within its domain anything that does not pertain to the feminine sex. Over the doorway is a large banner, upon which is inscribed the emphatic club motto, "Down with Men."

The dial is again twirled and we are almost lifted from our chairs by a piercing voice which fills the room. We see that Anne Gallagher, in her usual strident voice, is giving in Central Park a spirited oration on "Why We Should Have Bigger and Better Animal Crackers."

This view slowly fades and then we see a large gathering attending a banquet at—yes—the Van Astor, Detroit's newest and smartest hotel. Incidentally, "Al" Torphy is the wife of the owner, a former Boston boy. After listening to the toastmaster, none other than "Peg" O'Connell, now a famous Chicago criminal lawyer, we realize that the

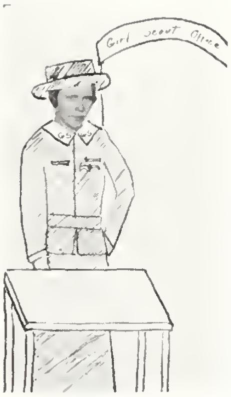
DOWN WITH MEN

affair is being held in honor of that eminent scientist, "Mat" Marley, who has just succeeded in crossing pine trees with apple trees in order to produce pineapples.

At this banquet there is a goodly number of Regis representatives, not the least of which is "Polly" Cunningham, who has recently received the Nobel prize for her latest book entitled, *How to Make Latin a Conversational Language*. Doris Duchaine has traveled all the way from South Podunk, Maine, where she is the statistician at the custom house. We always felt that her statistics course would prove beneficial in later life. We further discover that Eileen Sullivan has opened a tea room, the "Dew Drop Inn" adjacent to the Holy Cross campus, where her afternoon "special" of peanut-butter marshmallow sandwiches and tea is a great favorite with all the college men. "Gene" Hagan has become a renowned deep sea diver, her most valuable contribution to algology consisting of some fancy seaweed from a Staten Island ferry. "Dot" Lebel is on hand, now a strait-laced business woman with horn-rimmed glasses and with hair pulled back tightly. Accompanying her, of course, is "Edie" Levins, who has lately arrived in town from a barnstorming tour with an air circus. Her specialty is hanging from the wing of an aeroplane by her teeth. Doris Roberts is happily married, with two handsome boys who have determined to attend Holy Cross, their "daddy's" Alma Mater. Mary O'Connell, a famous explorer, is recounting some of her more hair-raising experiences in the wilds of Africa—and New York.

Behind the gaily decorated table is Mary Foley's world famous orchestra, which has played before crowned and uncrowned heads of Europe. They are offering several selections in their own particular brand of swing rhythm, when suddenly there is a commotion at the side door, and in bursts "Cal" Caldbeck, who, draped in various hues, does an interpretative dance, "The Dying Swan," to the tune of that ancient classic, "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain." The next act on the program is an acrobatic performance by Alice Toomey and Rita McArdle, who manage to attain such intricate positions that it is necessary to call upon Alice McConville, national Girl Scout leader, to disentangle them. The entertainment closes with a selection movingly rendered by Audrey Kenney, colorfully known as the red-headed blues singer. Her number is "Love Is Like a Burning Flame," written by Eleanor and Elizabeth Jarvis, who are recognized as the rightful successors of George Gershwin and Jerome Kern.

After several minutes of turning dials, a large notice flashes on the screen to the effect that Daisy Dare is about



to perform the outstanding feat of diving one hundred yards into six inches of water. We then see Daisy on the platform high above the crowd, and this bit of feminine pulchritude is none other than our Grace Hayes, who is consulting with her manager, Marguerite Leary, concerning their evening engagement.

More fiddling with the dials rewards us with the picture of "Vic" Lavallee, the greatest dramatic actress since Katherine Cornell. She can thank her Commencement play at Regis for her start as a Thespian.

Then I labor with the dials and succeed in getting nothing but static, as I believe, when suddenly there appears the figure of "Fran" Reagan, who is responsible for all the noise, with her imitation of the various cries of barnyard animals, a "calling" which she has chosen as her life work. She is competing in General Joe's Professional Hour, now enjoying the same popularity as did the old time Amateur programs. The next competitor is a baritone soloist to whom we do not pay much attention until he is announced as the husband of a prominent novelist and lecturer, and is even known as Mr. Helen Leddy. The following number consists of a harmonica duet by "Mim" and "Ginnie" Cunningham, who put remarkable feeling and expression into their rendition. They have just completed a tour of the New England States, with a special concert presented one Thursday afternoon at Regis. Then we are entertained with a monologue by Esther McDonald, hailed as the second Cornelia Otis Skinner.

Since there are evidently no more Regisites on that program, we switch to another wave-length and are presented with a sight different from any upon which we have hitherto gazed. It is a convent garden of the Carmelites, where we see Helen Connolly and Marie Donahoe, demure and quiet, and as inseparable now as they had been at college. Thence we journey to northern China where Helen Ryan is doing social work among the heathen Chinese. Her interest in social work, aroused at Regis, flourished especially after her marriage to a well-known sociologist. Her chief assistant is "Kay" O'Brien, whose Wednesdays "in town" during her Senior year are now proving of great value and benefit.

More manipulation of the dials brings us back to America to the little town of Whining River, in southern New Mexico, where Elsie Sullivan and "Dot" O'Neil are running a huge open air theater. Their headliner for the past two months has been Alma Mulligan in her own interpretation of *The Comedy of Errors*. We see from placards posted about that Mae McCarthy is seeking her third term as sheriff in this famous mining town, which six years ago before Mae arrived, was known as the most dangerous

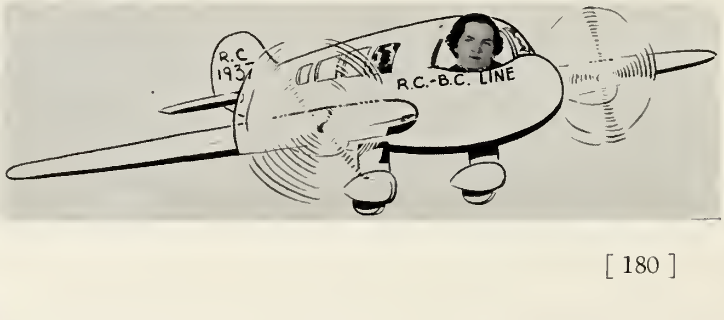
settlement in the southwest.

Leaving our classmates who had taken Horace Greeley's advice and gone West, we turn the dials until we are well rewarded with the sight of Anne Cox, who has buried herself in the hamlet of New Bedford. She is completing the fourth month in her rocking chair, awaiting the return of her plumber husband who has gone out on a rush job.

Next we are transported in spirit to a lounge in Boston's Hotel Statler, where a group of women are sitting about, chatting and sipping pink lemonade. They are Regis alumnae who have met to discuss plans for a new ping-pong building on the Regis campus, and include "Phyl" O'Brien and Grace Gai, who have recently opened a restaurant which holds the same place in the eyes of the college students as did the "Old France" in our day. Mary Conlon, famed fashion expert is on hand—a tall dashing figure in one of her own creations, a bright orange gown with set-in sleeves of pale purple and with a contrast supplied by scarlet hat and shoes. Anne Waters is busily consulting with Esther Sullivan, who has established a flourishing airline service between Boston College and Regis. Anne is the head pilot and they are discussing the special excursion trip planned for the following afternoon. Marguerite Chartier has recently flown from Paris where she is the interpreter at the American Embassy. "Dot' Brabazon and Anna Connors are present, quoting from their recent book, *Learning Boston in Seventeen Years*, which serves as an excellent guidebook for tourists. Since the meeting is apparently breaking up, we bid them all a silent adieu with the hope that such a worthy project as a ping-pong building will receive the deserved support from the alumnae.

Hoping that we might contact all our classmates, we work with the dials until we succeed in locating Ruth Elliot, now librarian at Amherst College, engaged in conversation with "Betty" Goulding who holds the title of official snow sports instructor there. However, the capricious New England weather makes her position precarious. They are soon joined by Helen Shaughnessy, who as head of the English department at Amherst, has recently startled the educational world with her publication of a *History of English Literature*. This work is hailed as being greater than even that of Legouis and Cazamian. "Shaun" gave up her beloved journalistic career to enter the teaching field which called with a cry that could not be denied.

Once again we journey back to Boston where we breathlessly watch Dr. Betty Donovan perform a most difficult operation upon



"Phil" O'Keefe. "Phil," together with Ethel Jarvis, is an official taster at Boston's largest ice cream factory. In tasting some peanut brittle ice cream, a piece of brittle lodged in her epiglottis, but Dr. Donovan came to the rescue and all is well. "Phil" will be in capable hands during her convalescence, since her special nurse is "Gert" Shea, superintendent of St. Elizabeth's Hospital.

Finally we are presented to Ruth Heywood, an outstanding star of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Periodically she loses her voice, but she certainly makes up for lost time when her vocal chords are working.

Before we can turn the dials, the cabinet begins to shake, weird sounds are heard, and queer figures appear on the screen. The floor and walls begin to reverberate and there is a loud crash—

Editor's Note:

The above manuscript which consisted in its original form of shorthand notes scribbled in a small notebook, is the only clue to the mysterious explosion which occurred last week in a penthouse on Broadway. The house was a complete wreck with no trace of its former occupants. On journeying back to earth, it is hoped that they will make a previously intended visit to the moon to study the social and economic conditions. They were prepared to correct any defect by an application of their collegiate Ethics course, and thus perpetuate the glorious name of Regis.

Marie Shalloo

Prophet

37

Society's Place for the Catholic Woman

"And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us," John I, 14. For thousands of years, after the expulsion of our first parents from the Garden of Paradise up to the coming of Christ, the world awaited a promised Redeemer. Those of the chosen race knew that the Savior would be born of a Jewish woman. Through centuries of waiting, high-born and virtuous women of Israel prayed the honor might be theirs; extensive preparations were made but always their desires came to naught. Then, in the years immediately preceding the coming of the Redeemer, a daughter was born to Anne and Joachim, a Jewish couple of Nazareth. When the child, Mary, reached the age of three years, the unknown and hitherto unsung parents brought her to the Temple where she was dedicated to the service of God; here, Mary learned the great prophecies and her constant prayer was that she might be a handmaid to the Mother of God. The true humility of the maiden was evidenced by complete submission to the divine Will when the angel Gabriel announced to her that she was to be the Mother of God. Her dreams were realized beyond all expectations. Humility and virtue won for Mary the long-awaited privilege, thereby establishing her as the leader and patroness of Catholic women for all time.

With the advent of Mary and the institution of the Church of Christ came a new era. Hitherto, as authentically shown in the secular records of pre-Christian times, woman's position in society was lowly, completely dependent on the will of men. Before the world saw the Madonna, woman was regarded as a drudge with neither rights nor dignity; Venus was the ideal and under her tutelage, women were slaves and victims of an unequal system. Honored by God Himself, Mary raised her sex from shameful servitude to the security emanating from herself; the Virgin Mother's shining purity awakened a new concept of womanhood, deeply reflected in the characters of the saints and martyrs who followed her. The Church of Christ adopted Mary as the glorious ideal of womanhood, and has done more for women and the preservation of their dignity than any other institution. Having throughout its history, protected and elevated women from the status of chattel to mistress of the household, the Catholic Church sanctified and solidified this position through the Sacrament of Matrimony. With the progress of the Church, women rose to occupy places of dignity in medieval Catholic Europe. Thus, the Church has steadfastly denounced divorce because Christ denounced it and because divorce results in insecurity for women and violation of their rights.

Although we have no reason to believe that girls did not receive education in the early elementary schools, the woman possessing scholastic education was not a type, but an exception. As education was undoubtedly confined to the barest essentials, girls were generally taught domestic arts, instruction suitable to the needs of the times.

However, with the advent of the Reformation and the subsequent industrial programs, the immediate effect on the education of women was disastrous. Every effort to further feminine education, up to this time, provided by convents and communities of holy women, was suppressed by legal process, and, women's position steadily declined economically. Hitherto, historical and personal records reveal, there were before the Reformation many instances of women in industry, some as shipping agents and ship owners; others in the salt trade; while more were in the silk, wool and hides trades. Now, women were ignored; this new world considered them weak and unreasonable creatures.

Thus, arose a situation which lasted from the seventeenth to the nineteenth centuries, a situation under which intelligent women almost despaired. With the so-called Counter-Reformation, which was really the Catholic Reform, feminine education was emphasized. In the sixteenth century, St. Angela Merici, encouraged by St. Charles Borromeo, founded the order of Saint Ursula for the primary purpose of instructing girls. The Order spread through Italy, Germany and France. The zealous St. Angela took religious vows and became superior of the community, which was first of a long line of religious orders including in their ranks many of the noblest women of Catholicity.

Yet, woman has not achieved her present position in one upward leap, for, up to the end of the last century, her dauntless spirit fought for its rightful heritage. The twentieth century has witnessed more than its share of human achievement in all spheres of life. During the last thirty-seven years more theories have been proved and more actual scientific progress made, than in any period of recent history, the so-called "woman's movement" being not the least among them. Since the turn of the century, woman's star has leaped from comparative obscurity to national prominence, a position in reality not at all unusual or revolutionary. However, there are those who consider the reestablishment of women to their rightful place as another modern development. People who make history can seldom write it. And so, it is difficult to realize that the "woman's movement" is but a revival of familiar ideals, the swing of the pendulum to its earlier position.

The great danger of the modern women's progress lies in the misinterpretation of terms and the acceptance of the false values of education and ethics today. If Catholic women take advantage of Catholic education, and use its principles in civil and social society, this movement will have satisfying results. With the forces of Communism and Atheism so prevalent, there is a need of strong-minded intelligent women to shatter the forces of evil with a victorious counter-attack.

The vocations and careers in which a woman can exercise her divine prerogative are many; but first and foremost is her duty in the home. God instituted the home as the cornerstone of civilization and the bulwark of society. In the home, her normal sphere, woman exercises an almost unlimited power; and the present tendency to disregard home-life is regrettable. However, countless millions of Christian homes in which the Kingdom of God has been established offer resistance to this modern inclination. The beautiful qualities which permeated the first family—kindness, love, and prime concern with the things of God—should be the framework of every home. Of women's duty in the home, Cardinal O'Connell, Dean of the American Catholic Hierarchy, has said in *Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary:* "To the women of a country are entrusted the most vital elements in the education of its citizens. Within the hallowed precincts of the home, the mother, the wife, the sister, and the daughter are ever exerting a momentous, though insensible influence upon all those who are bound to them by ties of affection. They are the moulders of characters. In the heart of a son, or husband, or brother, or father, they can form or foster the great social, civic, and personal virtues which are the source and secret of a nation's strength.

"No trifling influence, then, is women's; no unimportant mission is hers; no insignificant responsibility does she assume. She is the educator at the hearthstone where the destinies of a nation are determined, for there the character of a nation's citizenship is formed."

His Holiness Pope Pius X once said: "It is a great and beautiful thing to see ladies devoting time and care to the poor; but a woman's greatest influence will always be exercised in her own household."

Feminine apostles concentrated their endeavors in the religious field, with the single purpose of spreading the word of God and devotion to His Church. Among the broad-visioned women of Catholicity is Pauline Marie Jaricot of French origin, who founded, in 1822, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Pauline Jaricot began with a small union of prayer organized among servant girls, many of whom she rescued from a life of questionable morality. Among these girls she first solicited offerings for the foreign missions and, years later, had the honor of seeing her method adopted by the Society she organized. This lover of the missions died in 1862, and the cause of her beatification and canonization has been entered in Rome. Another ardent disciple of Christ in France was Mademoiselle Tamisier, who found her true vocation to the Holy Eucharist. Pilgrimages were undertaken to various shrines where Eucharistic miracles had been performed, and, at last Mademoiselle Tamisier's dream was realized in the institution of the annual Eucharistic Congress. The true spirit of Catholic womanhood and the humility of Mary was manifested in the fact that the name of Marie Tamisier was not publicly connected with her Eucharistic work until after her death.

Although the history of the Catholic Church in America is only as a day in her long life, it is thrilling and full of the same spirit of religion with which Saints in the old world were imbued. America claims no native saint as yet, but some day we may have the privilege of addressing Mother Seton as St. Elizabeth Seton. Converted to Catholicism in 1805, Elizabeth Bayley Seton from that time suffered the stupid bigotry of her former friends. To obtain a peaceful living, Elizabeth, then a widow, took her five children and moved to Baltimore; here her plans for establishing a religious community were facilitated by a large endowment from a fellow convert. Mrs. Seton took the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience in the presence of Bishop Carroll, and the first house at Emmittsburg was established. Reverend Hugh Francis Blunt, LL.D. in his book *Great Wives and Mothers* says of Elizabeth Seton and her community: "It was for the ten sisters a life of hardship, but with never a murmur. They suffered from the cold, their habits were coarse and patched . . . And thus in poverty and loneliness was established that great work of the Sisters of Charity which was to be a tower of strength to the Catholic Church in America . . . Surely our Catholic mothers have a glorious patroness, a shining example, in Elizabeth Bayley Seton."

Until Revolutionary times the systematic preparation of teachers for work in the schools was almost unheard of, and the standard of qualification for teaching was extremely low. Since then however, Catholic education has progressed steadily. Gradually the idea of institutional training of teachers was evolved, and the first Catholic normal school antedated by twenty years that of Horace Mann, which was established in Lexington, Massachusetts, in 1839. Catholic educators in close touch with Europe were readily influenced by conditions and movements there; priests and religious exiled by the French Revolution brought to America the educational ideals of their own country. Educationally speaking, the religious community, which is simply a permanent organization of teachers living a common life approved by the Church, is the ideal teaching institution. Therefore, working on the principles of the religious orders of the Old World, Catholic leaders in American education carried out the plan through the establishment of new Orders with their training schools which provided at least one year of instruction in the art of teaching children. Shortly afterwards the first Sisters' school in the English-speaking states was opened by a few Poor Clares, arrived from France. Begun in 1801, in Maryland, the school did not prosper due to the rigid rule of the community and the unfamiliarity with the language and customs of the country; therefore, in 1804, the Sisters returned to Europe. However, the school was not doomed to die; it was taken over by a group of women who later founded the Visitation Order of America. Concurrent with these events, the West also felt the need for schools. After one unfortunate attempt, several zealous, generous-spirited women, under the leadership of Mary Rhodes, took up their residence in Kentucky. The plight of these pioneers of the Sisters of Loretto bears comparison to that of the Sisters of Saint Joseph in the barren, almost destitute quarters in which their American triumph was born. In like manner, the Dominican sisterhood originated; living in poverty many years, the Sisters of Saint Dominic slowly built several colonies, their schools also enjoying considerable influence in the educational history of America.

The ambitious and far-reaching task of these religious can to some degree be emulated by Catholic teachers in the secular school system. In our country the school is a preeminent factor in the lives of young people. For many of them it is the single character-building institution that betrays any interest, however impersonal, in them, and for these children especially should Catholic teachers exert themselves. Within their power lies the opportunity to encourage youth, strengthen its fortitude and weld its virtue to prepare them in some way for adult life.

During the recent economic depression many changes were effected in the conditions surrounding our social structure, such as widespread unemployment and its attendant misfortunes. This national plight has emphasized the necessity and importance of intelligently directed social service work. Occupation in this field is sure to merit God's pleasure, because Our Lord specifically requested the care of His beloved poor, saying, "The poor you have always with you." To this sphere, the Catholic social workers can bring helpful ministrations inspired by the love of Christ. Charity and social work have always been broad fields for non-Catholics with philanthropic and humanitarian impulses. The fundamental difference between Catholic and secular social service in aim is that secular work is entirely naturalistic, while Catholic endeavors are based on the realization that charity has its foundation in the supernatural. A leading historical figure who realized this difference was St. Elizabeth of Hungary; tremendously busy as a ruler, she found time to enact social reforms and gave much of her time to the care of the sick. Isabella, the great Catholic queen of Spain, is legendary in history for her intensive charitable work. In the more recent years, the Catholic social worker has a powerful inspiration in Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, the youngest daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, known as Mother Alphonsa, O.S.D. At twenty she married George Parsons Lathrop, a well-known writer, living with him in Boston amid a brilliant literary coterie. After the death of her only child, Mrs. Lathrop tried to fill the void in her life with works of charity, and in 1891 both she and her husband received the gift of grace and became Catholics. "After her conversion Mrs. Lathrop was always glad to do all in her power to spread a knowledge of the faith among her non-Catholic friends," says Mrs. Annette S. Driscoll in her book *Literary Convent Women*. "She sometimes addressed both Catholic and non-Catholic audiences upon matters Catholic. But her nature demanded that she give greater service in recognition of the gift of faith, and while devoted to her husband's happiness and doing everything in her power to assist him, she became greatly interested in the care of the poor." Mrs. Hawthorne-Lathrop, after her husband's death, gave her time and energy to the care of cancer patients. Together with Alice Huber, she joined the Third Order of Saint Dominic, taking the name of Mother Alphonsa.

The well-known Dr. James J. Walsh said: "It might be expected that places sheltering only patients suffering from incurable cancer would be rather gloomy. But those who visited Mother Alphonsa's homes were not likely to think so. The inmates were usually cheerful, at times even happy, and sympathetic toward one another. Their laughter was heard as often as in any hospital, and oftener than in factories or workshops. For this condition the Sisters, and above all Mother Alphonsa, with her happy yet serious disposition, were largely responsible. Nor was her charity confined to the amelioration of bodily ills."

That last sentence embodies much of the Catholic doctrine of social work which the Catholic woman in social service can exemplify. In each man or woman to whom the Catholic social worker brings aid, she sees a soul, created to the image and likeness of God. Let the Catholic woman of today learn and propagate the statement that in Catholic social work respect for human personality is stressed, and social rehabilitation is a fundamental aim, as is so admirably expressed by Mary Elizabeth Walsh, Ph.D. in *The Saints and Social Work*.

Yet in ministering to the needs of humanity, in a world beset by false and diabolical theories, the mind must be nourished in conjunction with soul and body. Through literature, all of the various Catholic doctrines, practices, and beliefs may be brought before the eyes of the world. The written word often strikes more forcibly and plunges deeper than speech, and it undoubtedly reaches a greater audience. Yet it must be remembered that there is a vast difference between a Catholic writer and a writer who is a Catholic. Who then is better prepared to take up the propagation and defense of her religion than the Catholic college graduate? Steeped in Catholic tradition, gifted

with literary talent and a desire to live for Christ, she can do ineffable good.

Mrs. Sadlier, an American author of the nineteenth century, a busy wife and a mother of six children, was the author of almost sixty books dealing principally with episodes in Irish history, and social, religious, and educational problems of the Irish in America. As social studies, some of her books retain a pronounced value. In 1895, she was awarded the Laetare medal by Notre Dame University as an outstanding lay contributor to the general work of the Church, and in 1902 received a special blessing from Pope Leo XIII in recognition of her illustrious service for the Catholic Church. Although little read today, Reverend Hugh Francis Blunt, LL.D., said of Mrs. Sadlier that she saved the faith of many in the former generation by the power of her pen.

For years Catholic women have been writing, but because of their Catholicity they have been able to reach only a limited audience. Now, with the present resurgence of interest in Catholic literature, these same writers may find themselves the focal point of a new literary movement. Those contemporary Catholic novelists who have attained some degree of fame offer to their readers delightful fiction, full of the rich colorful legends of Catholic tradition. Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, who died in 1932, has left among other works, a novel of Elizabethan England; *Tudor Sunset* is a memorial to the Catholic persecution during the reign of the "good Queen Bess," last of the Tudors. Biography takes a favorite place among the works of such authors as Helen and Olive White, Margaret Yeo and Agnes Repplier. The appealing figures of Jacopone da Todi, St. Thomas More, Don John of Austria, and Père Marquette have been fortunate in their treatment by the aforementioned authors. Catholic literary criticism is favored in the work of Katherine Brégy, whose work includes comments on the outstanding Catholic poets and prose writers since early times.

Catholic culture is deep and full-bodied and will stand much probing to bring its wealth of material before the eyes of the public; Catholic literature today is an open field ready to welcome new names and new ideas. It is a curious fact to note that many of our Catholic women writers have been converts. How fortunate the Church has been in these women! Mary Agnes Tincker, also of the nineteenth century, is one of the convert writers whose works were considered among the best in Catholic literature by such critics as Katherine E. Conway, Reverend Matthew Russell, S.J., and Reverend James Daly, S.J. For the Catholic young woman who is willing to apply her literary talents for the glorification of her faith, unending will be her work and limitless her reward.

Finally, in reviewing this world of today, it can be seen that the modern Catholic woman is found in every phase of life. Society has opened its doors, showing appreciation of her worthy counsel; now more than ever she is in vital contact with men and affairs in a world that seldom stops for reflection. In this environment may the Catholic woman live so that she may be able to say that no one has been less good for having come within her influence.

Mary M. O'Connell

Author

Pot Pourri

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CLASS OF '37

Time 1962

Place Alumnae Library at Regis College, Weston, officially opened to the public for the first time.

N.B. This library is composed entirely of publications of former Regis students.

Glancing over the catalogue we find listed such notable contributions as:

Book	*Author*
Wake Up and Live	Dorothy Brabazon
Life Begins at Forty	Anne Cox
A Simplified German Grammar	Doris Duchaine
Lawrence Legend	Ruth Eliot
Handibook of Opera	Mary Foley
Men of Concord	Betty Goulding
South to Bermuda	Grace Hayes
Live Alone and Like It	Eleanor Jarvis
Social Research	Audrey Kenney
Off the Deep End	Edith Levins
What Sappho Meant to Horace	Mae McCarthy
Blame It on Legouis	Louise Cazamian
100,000 Drosophilia Melanogaster	Felicienne O'Keefe
Individuality and Clothes	Frances Reagan
How I Smiled My Way into the Movies	Gertrude Shea
Coiffures for All	Alice Torphy
The Last Shall Be First	Anne Waters

In the new 1962 edition of *Who's Who* we gleaned the following data:

McCann, Elizabeth Née Donovan. *Educ.* Regis College A.B. Radcliffe College M.A.—scientific work in the United States and England. Publication: *My Work as a Dental Assistant.*

McConville, Alice *Educ.* Regis College A.B., Massachusetts Institute of Technology, M.S., Ph.D. Noted inventor—has just obtained patent for a collapsible brief case. Engaged to Sir Alduous Harvey, noted English scientist.

Leary, Mary Née Keefe. *Educ.* Regis College, A.B., Columbia University M.A. Outstanding American in Oratory, has also done notable work in philanthropy.

O'Brien, Helen Née Leddy. *Educ.* Regis College A.B. Mother of the famous children of radio and screen fame—Jimmy, Joey, Johnny, and Jerry. Publication: *On the Care and Nutrition of Children.*

Gallagher, Anne *Educ.* Regis College A.B.; B.C. School of Social Service M.S. Eminent sociologist and statistician.

Sullivan, Elsie. *Educ.* Regis College A.B. Poet of world fame. Poems translated into five languages. Publications: *Beside the Fireside and Other Poems; On Regis Campus.*

O'Neil, Dorothy *Educ.* Regis College A.B.; Yale Medical School M.D. Anthropologist, and specialist in heart ailments of the young.

On display in the library we see the following new books:

British Authors of the 19th Century by Marie Donahue and Helen Connolly
A Spanish Bibliography by Grace Shea (formerly Gai)
A Simplified Calculus for High School Students by Ruth Heywood
Roman Spring As I See It by Eileen Sullivan
How I Mastered Latin Grammar by Helen Garrahan
Practical Application of Home Management by Rita McArdle

The first editions in the Rental Collection include:

Book	*Author*
The Citizen and His Government	Madeline Dwyer
City Editor	Ethel Jarvis
The Last Full Measure	Marguerite Chartier
Black James, The Love Story of a Great Man	Margaret O'Connell
Mush, You Male-Mutes	Anna Connors
A Question of Lovers	Phyllis O'Brien
Knights Errant	Alice Toomey
Letters to St. Francis, and His Friars	Mary O'Connell
The Good Companions	Polly Cunningham, Esther McDonald, Helen Ryan
One of Us	Miriam and Virginia Cunningham
Miss Torphy's Husband	Mae Walsh
A Few Foolish Ones	Marguerite Leary
To Have and To Hold	Esther Sullivan
The Street of Adventure	Elizabeth Jarvis

Scattered among the magazine racks we find many contributions from the class of 1937 of Regis College.

In *News Week* we find the following thumbnail sketches: Alice McConville's loose-leaf book, plus the accoutrement of two belts to bind it, and the little week-end case when even the belts could not contain everything.

: The progress of a Scientific Baby
: Betty Goulding's glossy

In the *Library Journal* we find an article by Mary Boyle entitled *Cataloguing the Early Printed English Books of the Folger Shakespeare Library.*

In the *Sign* we find an article by Kay O'Brien entitled *The Human Bus Ride.*

The Influence of My Father on My Son is Gene Hagen's article in the *Atlantic.*

Mat Marley has written an article *Building a Personality* for the *Readers' Digest.*

In *The New Yorker* we notice a series of articles by Doris Stevens entitled *Why I Finally Decided to Become a Bostonian.*

In the *1962 Anthology of Current American Poetry*, the not unusual fact is brought to our attention that the majority of poems in the collection are by former Regis students. Among the poems included we will quote (with the permission of the publisher) the following:

The Life of the Commuter

A sip of juice and a crust of bread;
A hasty kiss, and my books well-read;
A frenzied fear as the car won't start;
An obliging push from the milkman's cart.

"Please, one of oil and a speck of gas."
(The usual life of a college lass.)
'Tis 8.15 when we reach the square
In Malden. Myra is waiting there.

In Belmont, 8.25 we see
We'll have to hurry, or late we'll be.
A dash through Waverley at full speed,
And now to Waltham red lights to heed.

And every light on the street is red,
We fume and wish it were green instead.
Now over hills at a warlike pace!
Now up the drive, how our car does race!

We're here at last, though we hope not late
We do not crave such a cruel fate.
So books we shove, and our lunch we fling,
And bravely ask, "Did the first bell ring?"

MARGARET BURKE '40

A Friday Night Scene

A week is the time between week-ends,
So all Regis girls will agree,
But why do the books
That fill up our weeks
Still spoil all my week-ends for me?

On Fridays my True Love comes over,
The bright light of hope in his eye,
He looks at the books
Piled high on my desk,
And asks me, "In Heaven's name, why?"

Say I, "'Tis the Spirit of Regis,
Which calls us to hammer our brains.
In each hectic class
We've work we must pass,
With infinite labor and pains."

My True Love glares once at the book-pile;
He seizes my coat from a chair;
Without one word said,
We've both of us fled,
A typical Friday-night pair!

GRACE GAI '37

Art for Art's Sake

One Thursday morning the hour before lunch
I went to my last class and had a hunch,
Instead of taking notes today,
I would sketch the hour away.
I filled my paper with men and mice
I'd even sketched a pair of dice.
I drew my teacher with a long black beard,
And gave him a mustache and he looked weird.
After filling up every available space
A smile came over my room-mate's face
My teacher observing our apparent glee
Wanted to know what was amusing me;
He asked for the paper in my book
And I gave it up with a despairing look.
There were pictures of girls, houses, and trees,
A viking ship, flowers, and bees.
He glanced at them all, then glanced at me.
He held it up so the class could see.
Everyone laughed and I turned red
Wishing for the moment I was dead.
Now may I leave you with this thought
Don't draw pictures when you're being taught.

VIOLA MAHER '39

The Death of Oscar, Tom and Maribelle Lee

By Anne M. Sughrue '39

The tiny creatures of the sea—
The blue, the fresh, the ever free—
Yes, this would our exhibit be,
An aquarium.

With defty hands and salty masque,
We go about our lofty task;
With mossy grime and pink damask
For scenarium.

A mighty bowl with fishes three
Whose names, our vender swore to be—
Oscar, Tom, and Maribelle Lee
We guarded.

Into the "lab" with triumphal gait,
In splendrous garb to meet our fate
And then the judges' awe to wait—
As martyred.

Surely they would win the prize
These angels true in fish disguise,
For in them all our honor lies
Departed.

With tender care and lofty glee
We foster our maternal "nee,"
Our Oscar, Tom, and Maribelle Lee,
Infested.

But when the day of snow arrived
And fate brought home a loss imbibed
In fish, whose nature was short-lived
We rested.

Quiet and peaceful there in the bowl
Aspirants—lost to a noble goal.
Their bounty left for us to dole—
Defeated.

Gone was all hope of prize for me
Gone was our all by the death of these three.
By Oscar, Tom, and Maribelle Lee
We're cheated.

No grudge in our hearts we hold
As these three little fishes we fold
Into a package of plastic mold
In aeternum.

In the *Fine Arts* section of the library we find the following titles of songs made famous by the class of '37, and the associations called to mind in the past.

Serenade in the Night	B. C. Lotharios
Take Another Guess	Any Exam
You Came to My Rescue	Interlinear
Boo-Hoo	When the marks go home
If I Had the Wings of An Angel	Campussed
Dangerous Number	64.4
With Plenty of Money and You	Junior Week
Ready, Willing, and Able	Class of '37 looking for work
Just a Quiet Evening	Friday night at Regis
I Hear You Calling Me	The 6.30 A.M. bell
Stowaway	Your ten o'clock visitor upon approach of proctor
Among My Souvenirs	Warning card collection
Charge of the Light Brigade	Mail time
Let's Have a Party	Grace Gai
Stolen Holiday	The day you "cut"
We Two Are Not Alone	Any Regis Dance
My Time Is Your Time	Resigned student to "Prof"
Oh You Ain't Got Rhythm	Anne Cox's Dancing Class
Moonlight and Roses	Senior Campus Festival
I'm a Dreamer (Aren't We All)	First Monday Morning Class
Blue Eyes	Helen Leddy

On the pamphlet rack we see:

Out in Left Field without a Glove	Betty Goulding
Misericordia	Mae McCarthy
Cui Bono	Peg O'Connell
Shall I Be a Nun	Mary Conlon
The Shackles of Wedlock	Anne Cox
Our Precious Freedom	Audrey Kenney

On the *Rare Exhibition Table* there is a collection of letters, garnered by the litterateur, Mary O'Connell, from such notable people as Miss Beth Carroll, author; Miss Alice McConville, scientist; Mary Keefe, Dean of the University of Paris; Anne Cox, lecturer; Grace Hayes, authority on the French Revolution; Gertrude Shea, sociologist; and finally from Mary Conlon, America's most beautiful mother.

In the few remaining minutes before the library closes, we glance through the *Hall of Fame of the Class of 1937* and find listed:

Most Dramatic	Anne Cox
Most Popular	Marie Shalloo
Most Beautiful	Doris Lebel
Most Loyal	Mary Boyle
Most Literary	Mary O'Connell
Most Dignified	Grace Hayes
Most Energetic	Helen Shaughnessy
Most Unselfish	Mary McCarthy
Most Capricious	Mary Caldbeck
Most Optimistic	Helen Connolly
Most Efficient	Victoria Lavallée
Most Sophisticated	Alice Torphy
Most Vivacious	Mary Boyle
Most Pleasant	Ruth Elliot
Most Brilliant	Mary Keefe
Most Excitable	Esther McDonald
Most Unassuming	Rita McArdle
Most Different	Anne Gallagher
Most Placid	Marguerite Leary
Most Ambitious	Anne Connors
Most Calm	Marguerite Chartier
Most Humorous	Alma Mulligan
Best Dressed	Frances Reagan
Best Athlete	Gene Hagen
Best Linguist	Doris Roberts
Best Dancer	Eileen Sullivan
Best Speaker	Elizabeth Donovan
Best Musicians	Jarvis Twins
Best Actress	Miriam Cunningham
Best Poet	Marie Donahue

College Girl's Odyssey

A hurried dash from out the bus,
The clock is striking nine,
My hat askew, my books amuss,
I run in record time.

First up the steps, then down the hall,
'Til with a burst of speed,
I finally reach with but one fall,
The locker that I need.

And now, I search, the while I plea,
Oh, why must it be so,
That one small, harmless-looking key,
Can cause such utter woe.

At last! it's found; with feverish haste
I search the jumbled mass,
To find in this ill-sorted pile
At least one book for class.

Again I'm off; I race along
At an ungodly rate,
But oh, before me runs the gong,
And once again I'm late.

Rita McNeil

Paradox

The college freshman you'll agree
Is smarter than she used to be;
But many things she does, I fear,
Are apt to seem the least bit queer.

She'll dance all night and never rest
Yet next day pass (?) a logic test;
She follows Fashion's every fad
And sends the bill to "good old Dad."

She'll sit for hours in sleet and rain
To cheer a Harvard-Dartmouth game
And never yet (or so I'm told)
Has suffered hoarseness, grippe, or cold.

Yet all these things, I'm frank to tell,
I could understand quite well
If someone would explain to me
The answer to this mystery:

How in the world the freshman crams
The night before mid-year exams,
While blaring forth, the radio
Bring's Benny's voice and loud "Jello."

Doris Paradis

Current Clippings

(To prove that Regis girls turn out differently.)

Edith Levins Marries Italian Count (Attributes her success to language courses).—*Nantucket Nautical Review*
Sully Swoops Down on Blackstone in Sea Plane.—*Worcester Worries*
Doris Stevens, Librarian, Donates Five Hundred Children's Books to Regis Stacks.—*New Rochelle News*
Cook's Conducted Tours Sold Out to Walsh and Chartier's Paris Study Groups.—*Fall River Fallacy*
Dr. Lord Requests Dwyer as Assistant on Regis Faculty.—*Gloucester Gazette*
Ryan School of the Dance Specializes in Swaying.—*Springfield Sprite*
Perkins' Place in Washington Society Superseded by Madame President Lavallée.—*Washington Warbler*
Elliot Easily Eliminates Jarrett in Meet.—*Lawrence Lullaby*
Connors Captures Condor in Far East.—*Bombay Bomb*
Kelly Foundation at Holy Cross Awards Chair to Doris Roberts.—*Tewksbury Tidings*
Caldbeck and O'Brien Made Honorary Majors at West Point.—*Military Muddle*
Phyllis (B. C.) O'Brien Builds Magnificent Home on Chestnut Heights.—*College Chronicle*

Class Will

WE, THE CLASS OF 1937, about to celebrate the tenth anniversary of Regis College by relieving said institution of our presence, and being sound and efficient in mind and in body by virtue of four years' attendance at said institution, do hereby compile and publish our last will and testament—the latter being a rapid disposal of all our movable and immovable goods.

To the highly honored, though not timeworn COLLEGE ON THE HILL, REGIS, the Class of 1937 leaves sincere appreciation, undying love, and genuine loyalty.

TO THE FACULTY, our guide through the labyrinthine ways of education, we promise a lasting respect and solemn reverence not easily expressed.

OUR SISTER CLASS, the SOPHOMORES, we make recipients of scores of good wishes, plus real Big Sistership until their graduation two years hence. We would give them our talents, but that would be sheer presumption.

TO THE JUNIORS, now on the threshold of Seniority, we present several suggestions to success next year, namely: senior dignity, college loyalty, faith in the powers that be, and unselfish cooperation.

Babies of the College, FRESHMEN, we invest you with worry and ambition, regret and happiness, to fill three of the "four best years of your lives."

TO THE ALUMNAE, not always remembered in these annual testaments, we offer cooperation and cherished remembrances of former days.

TO THE STUDENTS, THE CLASS OF 1937 leaves its misfortunes as told in the plaintive cry, "Everything Happens to Our Class," to wit: compulsory final exams, ...

Victoria Lavallée

Partly from necessity, but mostly out of the generosity of their hearts, the members of '37 have decided to grant individual bequests, as follows:

The highly esteemed President of the Student Government, "Vic" Lavallée of the unbreakable spirit, cheerfully bequeaths to her successor an automatic silencer, guaranteed messenger service, and a double-quick escalator.

Helen Ryan devises her diplomatic skill as class president, and the particular art of talking with her hands, to Beth Carroll.

Ruth Elliot leaves her genial disposition to all who are burdened with scholastic worries.

Our Sports Queen, "Gene" Hagan, who is living proof that great things come in small packages, relinquishes her athletic ability to "Chris" McKenney.

Mary Conlon, of the golden voice and golden tresses, be-

Mae McCarthy

stows Free-Taxi-Service-with-a-Song on future Regisites, the chief chauffeurs to be Eleanor O'Hare, "Betty" Cunniff, and Phyllis Whalen.

Miriam and Virginia Cunningham donate to succeeding classes their art as hostesses par excellence.

Mary Keefe, Stolid Sodality Enthusiast, issues a building contract for a concrete walk as far as the shrine—special beneficiary, "Bunny" Nadeau.

"Fran" Reagan bequeaths her cottage at Nantasket-by-the-Sea as a haven of refuge for all good little social workers.

Mae McCarthy entrusts her allegiance to Boston College to the safe keeping of the Junior President, "Kay" Cournoyer.

Grace Hayes' legacy is a condensed survey on International and Intercollegiate Relations, designed to simplify courses at Dartmouth thereby affording students more free time.

Grace Gai, the "reforming spirit of '37," wills to Alice Dervin her intense interest in all college activities.

Ruth Heywood, the whispering prima donna, leaves a voice guaranteed to fail on the day of any oral quiz to one of the 333 neediest cases, Doris Paradis.

Helen Leddy

Mary Foley, the Russ Morgan of the Class, has a characteristic bequest to make. Her trumpet will remain at Regis for continued use in the traditional Christmas and Commencement plays.

Marguerite Leary devises her ability to do big things in a quiet way to Katherine Tracy.

Helen Leddy, a confirmed "Scrupe," endows the college garage with a supply of gasoline for free distribution to any and all Regis motorists direfully in need of refueling.

Elsie Sullivan bestows on Gertrude Morrison her smiles and laughter, as well as her attitude of carefully avoiding the limelight.

Compulsory love for the "Caf" has prompted "Mat" Marley and "Dot" O'Neil to will the following: an autographed Seiler's menu, and a novel scheme for automatic self-service.

Our calm, cool, and collected Connecticut collegian, Marguerite Chartier, bequeaths her serenity and even disposition to Anne Burke.

Alice McConville, sufferer for the cause of science, furnishes the "Lab" with sundry short-cut methods for the preparation of science exhibits. Too bad Alice did not act sooner!

Mae Walsh, the "Super-Scrupe," favors her successor on the Student Government with a special automatic bell, so the latter will not have to rise at 6 a.m. to ring same.

Ethel Jarvis

Cafeteria service after the deadline in the morning, 8:30, is the bequest of Alma Mulligan to the Misses Isabel Carroll and Catherine Smiddy.

Ethel Jarvis surrenders her "swing" fiddle to Virginia Broderick. Give, Virginia!

Marie Donahoe, Regis agent for General Motors, cannot let the Journal Room eke out another year's existence without transportation means, so she presents her *La Salle* for the exclusive use of journalists.

With no further need of her original and effective art as explained in the pamphlet, "When and How to Wake Up Your Roommate,'' Eileen Sullivan passes the thin and worn little volume on to Elsie Grady.

The Jarvis Twins, Eleanor and Elizabeth, who never do anything by halves, have a joint double bequest. Section One, a jazz orchestra to play at Regis on all State Occasions. Section Two, a Tea Room with hot apple pie à la mode on the daily menu!

Doris Stevens, our futilitatian, lavishes her entire fortune on *The Regis Herald*, and leaves, for the diversion of future staffs, one phonograph record (broken) entitled, ''How It's Done in New York.''

''Betty'' Goulding's facilities for running house parties in Concord under the auspices of Regis girls, go to Helen Flynn, Irene Wyman, and Lillian Shea.

Doris Duchaine bequeaths a volume of detailed instructions, with geometrically correct illustrations, on how to circumvent the rotary traffic island near the North Station—with specific directions on how to treat marauding motorists. This little volume is respectfully dedicated to all members of the Parasitic Union of Car Borrowers.

Esther Sullivan wills her honorary degree in math to Mary McKiernan.

Doris Roberts, generous enough to let others profit by her experience, favors posterity with a profound dissertation on ''Punctuality and How to Attain It.''

The art of Impressing One's Personality on Others is donated by the inimitable ''Anti'' Cox to the next girl ''Ready, Willing, and Able'' to fill the void left by Anne's departure.

Those little sociologists and statisticians, captained by Anna Connors, leave walking shoes and loose dimes for their followers who must needs spend much time ''in town.''

''Cal'' Caldbeck bequeaths her fond love of gym classes to Margaret Hart.

Anne Waters skillfully passes her extensive preparations for departure after basketball games to another good forward, Margaret Hagen.

Esther McDonald, appreciative of all the sleepless nights at Regis caused by the B.S.S. course to which she was exposed, offers her services, gratis, in conducting the economic, legal, and social business of her Alma Mater. ''Eppie'' guarantees perfection of work and reformation of method.

Helen Connolly's spirit and optimism she humbly bestows on aspiring English majors.

The flying enthusiasts, ''Edie'' Levins and ''Dot'' Lebel, surrender their airplane, expressly made to fly between Weston and Worcester, to Barbara Norton and ''Gerry'' Burke.

''Gert'' Shea's unselfish legacy to the Office is one dozen Ethics absence cards. All the cards have names on them!

''Kay'' O'Brien the First, having as little interest in West Pointers as any one of her pals, presents her book on military heroes to ''Gay'' Largay.

Marjorie Carroll inherits ''Betty'' Donovan's poise and dramatic talent.

Mary (''O'Kie'') O'Connell is so conscientious that she must share her secret with others; consequently she dedicates to ''Frannie'' Quinn and sundry others, a little booklet of occasional verse (The title is reminiscent of Journalism.) called, ''The 5 W's and the H on Cutting Classes.''

Alice Toomey Rita McArdle

Dorothy Brabazon

The Cambridge O'Connell, "Peg," places on reserve in the library a scholarly treatise telling how to combine studies with social life. But it is to be read only by girls of the "Popeye" type, since it abrogates the 10 o'clock rule.

Rita McArdle and Alice Toomey will their midnight sallies, plus subsequent recitals of same during class hours, to "Dot" Pearce and "Cid" O'Farrell.

"Phil" O'Keefe's loyalty to Holy Cross, plus that inevitable weekly letter, go to Rita Sherman.

Madeline Dwyer, just to prove that she is not unduly methodical or exacting, publicly wills her reckless weekends by the sea and all her signs collected here, there, and everywhere to her promising protégé, "Kippy" Paige.

Dorothy Brabazon leaves her exceptional typing ability to Virginia Callahan.

By popular request, the effervescent and versatile "Midge" McDermott receives the unruffled nonchalance and Disturb Me Not attitude exclusively owned by Audrey Kenney.

Alice Torphy relinquishes her uncanny knowledge of art and her New Rapid Method of poster making to Viola Maher, Olga DeSimone, and Anne Sughrue, in hopes that they may develop their artistic ability.

Strict adherence to disciplinary silence, except for a stray giggle here and there now and then, "Phyl" O'Brien surrenders to Emily Brandy.

Anne Gallagher condescends to bestow her boisterous and boundless enthusiasm in nothing except Holy Cross and track meets, on that disinterested, lethargic Soph, E. Marie McCabe.

To Rosemary Burke, "Polly" Cunningham wills her unimpeachable knowledge of Emily Post as per the dining hall.

Marie Shalloo bequeaths her "daly" remarks to the next "Best Natured Regisite."

In testimony whereof, WE, THE CLASS OF 1937, in passing out quietly, hereunto affix our Purple and Gold Seal to this our last will and testament, on this the third day of June, Anno Domini nineteen hundred and thirty-seven.

HELEN SHAUGHNESSY

Lawyer

Recalling the activities that spread either the glow of victory or the pensiveness of defeat, once more we find a recreational outlet at Regis—this time in the field of our

ATHLETICS

Athletic Association

President	Generosa C. Hagan '37
Vice-President	Mary J. Caldbeck '37
Secretary	Margaret J. Thornton '38
Treasurer	Margaret E. Hagen '39

M. Thornton, G. Hagan, M. Caldbeck, M. Hagen

Regisites in Sports

1936-37 athletics at Regis enjoyed a prominent and active season under the supervision of Miss Mary R. McCafferty, B.S., retiring physical education director. Miss McCafferty's aim since coming to Regis three years ago has been to broaden the scope of sports at the College on the Hilltop. One brief sentence well serves as a worthy tribute to Miss McCafferty on her departure: "She has succeeded."

The annals of '36-'37 record not only team activities in hockey, basketball, and swimming, but also class work in gymnastics proper, and in the novel fields of roller skating, rope jumping, rhythmic dancing, and tumbling.

GYM EXHIBIT

The year's work in general culminated in the second Annual Gym Exhibit on Thursday, March 11, won for the second successive time by the spirited Class of '39, by a 41-40 score over a promising enthusiastic group of Freshmen. A superiority and finesse in execution of exercises was a factor deciding in favor of the Sophomores. The highlight of the program was the Sophomore Roller Skating by Candlelight which ended in a Regis Formation.

A. A. BANQUET

The annual A. A. Banquet, held Thursday, April 22, was, as usual, the apex of the entire sports season. Over one hundred athletes united to offer a farewell shower to

Miss McCafferty who will be married later in this month. Generosa C. ("Gene") Hagan, A. A. president, was toastmistress for the evening.

AWARD OF LETTERS

These students who merited a Regis "R" under the point system were presented their letters: Marguerite Chartier, Grace Gai, Rita McArdle, Helen Shaughnessy, Anne Waters, Seniors; Mary Sullivan, Junior; Betty Cunniff, Margaret Murphy, Sophomores. The first award of letters was made last year to "Gene" Hagan, '37; Virginia Caldbeck, Kathleen Cournoyer, and Margaret Thornton, '38.

MAJOR SPORTS

HOCKEY

To summarize the 1936-1937 season, reviewing first the major sports, we find the Sophomore and Freshman hockey squads engaging in spirited well-matched contests last fall and concluding in a tie for the championship. A hockey banquet, arranged by Miss McCafferty, brought a festive close to the season.

BASKETBALL

Basketball, the hub around which the wheels of Regis sports turn, offered a brief but startling series. In three short games, history of two kinds was written. The Senior team showing a spirit and ability seldom displayed by a fourth-year class, tied the versatile Sophomores for the title—only to lose the post-season championship game to their Sister Class, 19-17. The encounter was the best of the year, technically and spiritedly. In this fastest and most intense contest on Thursday, May 13, both teams proved their championship calibre, and thirty seconds before the final whistle they were tied at 17 all. The Senior athletes leave the basketball court convinced that they have upheld, for four years, high and sportsmanlike standards. The Sophomores remain, thrilled with a hard-fought and honestly won victory over a team to conquer whom they had to outdo themselves. Champions in fact and in name, they may be especially proud of their great win over a great team.

Largely responsible for Senior success is "Gene" Hagan, easily one of the most outstanding and versatile of athletes ever to be graduated from Regis. Your scribe, a teammate of "Gene" in basketball and swimming, wishes to insert a sincere tribute to a loyal, unselfish leader and a great competitor: modesty and fairness, plus an uncanny ability as an organizer, always characterized the retiring president of the Athletic Association.

The Junior team, broken by the loss of a stellar forward, Sue Frawley, an ex-member, won one game and then collapsed before too great opposition. And standing out in the Junior collapse was the heroic figure of "Kay" Cournoyer, class president and star forward left this year without a scoring mate, literally fighting single-handed in the last game and going down in glorious defeat.

The Freshmen showed improvement with each succeeding contest, and finished the season as a coordinated unit evincing the "never say die" spirit by conquering an equally determined and spirited Soph contingent in the final encounter.

HONORARY VARSITY

It would be difficult for one writer to choose the best from out the many satellites on the court, so a statement of the vote for the Honorary Varsity will best tell the tale:

Forwards, Margaret Hagen '39, Anne Waters '37, Margaret Murphy '39; *Centers*, Margaret Thornton '38, Dorothy Pearce '39; *Guards*, Generosa Hagan '37, Betty Cunniff '39, Mary Sullivan '38; *Side-Centers*, Helen Shaughnessy '37, Margaret Foley '39.

Swimming

Which brings us to swimming, another major sport. The present Senior class claims tank honors by virtue of two wins in four annual meets. The Class of 1940, placing in every event, won this year's meet. Matching their large numbers with an equal amount of talent, the Freshmen combined forces to gain a total of 30 points. Second with 21 came the graduating mermaids who boast the unique record of three out of four wins in the class relay race.

"Gene" Hagan again won individual honors, gaining three first places and 15 points. She reigns the undisputed Queen of Speed, retaining her freestyle speed crown, besides placing first in the backstroke dash and the plunge.

A worthy successor to Miss Hagan has appeared in the person of Mary Guthrie '40, who took second honors with 14 points. Outstanding among the performances of this new daughter of Neptune was her spectacular and finished diving for which she won first place—dethroning last year's winner, "Peg" Murphy '39, who was but one point behind. Miss Guthrie also won the crawl for form and placed second to "Gene" Hagan in the speed contest. Completing the history of the '37 meet, the Juniors and Sophomores placed third and fourth, in that order.

The Freshman year of the present Seniors in sports is often dimmed, because the point system, on which all eyes are focused, did not have its inception until the 1934-35 season. Diving into the watersoaked annals for a moment, the complete record of currently enrolled Regisites returns these winners of individual honors in the past four meets:

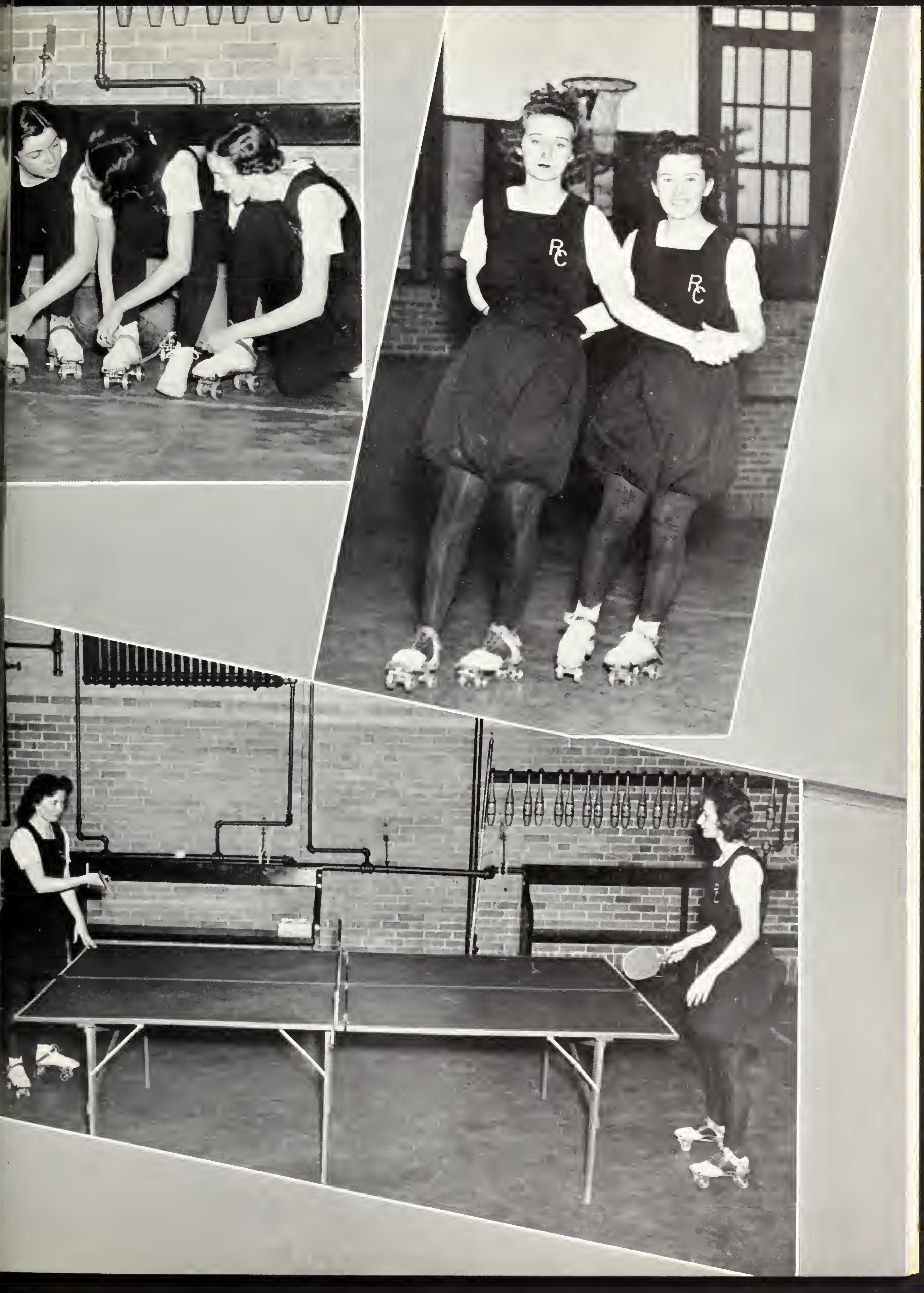
'33-'34, Grace Gai, first, "Gene" Hagan, second; '34-'35, "Gene" Hagan, first; '35-'36, "Gene" Hagan, Helen Shaughnessy, second, Grace Gai, Virginia Caldbeck, third; '36-'37, "Gene" Hagan, first, Mary Guthrie, second, Margaret Murphy, third.

In the Senior ranks, other point-getters whose contributions swelled the team's totals to championship proportions were: Ethel Jarvis, "Dot" O'Neil, Alice McConville, Edith Levins, and Eileen Sullivan. The first two named aided in the backstroke, Miss McConville placed third in the dive for two successive years, and the last two mentioned assisted in the speed swimming.

Horseback Riding

Horseback riding, to complete the review of major sports, has a definite attraction for Regisites. The Annual Riding Meet has always been the goal of ambitious horsewomen and the acme of interest of enthusiastic spectators.

Ethel Jarvis '37 opened the way for Senior successes in her Freshman year when she took the blue ribbon in the beginners' competition. Consistent performances by Mary Broderick '38 and Helen Ryan '37 have featured the past two meets. Mary was the blue ribbon winner first in the intermediate and then the advanced class, while Helen Ryan, last year's Manager of Riding, placed second in the beginners' and intermediate events.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RC

Rita Sherman '38, Riding Manager for this season, won the beginners' event two years ago. Of the winners last year, three were members of the Class of '39, a class not to be outdone in any field: Harriette Carson, first in the intermediate division; Margaret Landers, first, and Anna Burke, second, in the beginners' section.

Riding will never lose its favor with Regisites. Among the multitudinous sports activities, riding has held its numerous confirmed followers even during the winter months and has claimed many new devotees from the Freshman ranks.

MINOR SPORTS

Retrospection in the field of minor sports reveals the superiority in tennis of "Phyl" O'Brien '37, former city champion of her "home town," Quincy. Manager of Tennis and winner of the Regis tournament when only a Freshman, "Phyl" was runner-up to Betty Goulding '37, the next year. Unfortunately, since that time weather conditions have prevented the completion of this annual event.

Badminton, being an indoor sport, has enjoyed a safer existence. In her Freshman year, Marguerite Chartier '37, was runner-up in the college-wide finals, and the following year "Ginny" Caldbeck '38, won the Freshman tournament.

Track and field, that varied mixture of events requiring speed and stamina holds forth on Sports Day of Commencement Week. The results of the '34 meet are unavailable, but the '35 contest returned the following winners in total points: Virginia Caldbeck '38, first; "Gene" Hagan '37, second; and Mary Sullivan '38, third.

Archery, engaged in on a purely individual and voluntary basis, boasts of few devotees. Active interest revived this year, culminating in a demonstration by Freshman archers at the Annual May Day celebration. With "Chris" O'Meara, a champion in her own right, managing archery this year, the sport should grow.

GYMNASTICS

Now to mention the innovations directed so expertly by Miss McCafferty. Chief on the list, outside of the conventional but difficult Swedish and Danish gymnastics, are tumbling and rhythmic dancing.

The Tumblers Club, a new organization last year, now includes Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen. From observation, the leading contortionists are Mary Melanson '38; Margaret Hagen and Marion Maloon '39; "Gerry" Burke and Elsie Grady '40.

Rhythmic dancing has been built up by Miss McCafferty to a position where it demands attention and applause. She has interested a large group of students in the latest phase developed in the field—a new type creative dancing. It is particularly popular because of its adaptability, simplicity, and novelty. It lends grace, suppleness, and is an aid to the figure as well as providing hours of moderate, not too intricate, exercise. The performance by the Freshman group at the Gym Exhibit was sufficient proof of the popularity and beauty of Miss McCafferty's latest innovation.

Roller skating and rope jumping, more plebian pursuits, have achieved an important status as well as a large following.

The fact that so many Regisites have the roller skating hobby is but one indication that a general degree of physical education and a general sports enthusiasm have been achieved throughout the college, and are now a traditional part of Regis life.

When dusk streaks the golden glow, one fond recollection will enhance all others— the memory of the culmination of our dreams, our . . .

COMMENCEMENT

Baccalaureate Sunday

May 30, 1937

SOLEMN HIGH MASS

Celebrant, The Right Reverend Francis L. Phelan, LL.D.
Deacon, The Reverend William J. Daly, A.B.
Sub-Deacon, The Reverend Otis F. Kelly, M.D.
Master of Ceremonies, The Reverend Bernard S. O'Kane, A.B.
Baccalaureate Sermon, The Reverend John J. McGarry, D.C.L.

Music

Ordinary, Missa Brevis, Montani
Proper, Gregorian
Offertory, Ecce Panis Angelorum, Carlo Rossini

Schola Cantorum

To the Class of 1937

Baccalaureate Speaker

. . . If ever there was a time when the call of Christ to all His faithful ones to aid in the great work of human redemption, sounded clear and unmistakable, that time is now. If, it seems equally unquestionable, there is any body of persons to whom Our Blessed Lord turns in appeal—yea in command—that they should devote their talents and their energies to labor in His vineyard—it is to the great body of Catholic young men and young women who are coming forth from our Catholic colleges . . .

You, at Regis, have enjoyed the fruits of the labors and sacrifices of many who have gone before, as well as of many still living. But, chiefly, you have been blessed in having received a training for living and an exalted view of life, which is the only one consistent with human dignity and human responsibility. Go forth, then, from the classrooms of your Alma Mater, from the company of your consecrated teachers, providentially equipped to take an important place in the world of today—a world that sadly needs the lessons and the help that you can give . . . You must take upon yourselves the duties of labor and leadership in His holy Cause—God wills it . . .

The Reverend John J. McGarry, D.C.L.

M. Shalloo, V. Cunningham, A. Cox, B. Sutton, E. Donovan, M. Cunningham

The Winter's Tale

A TRAGIC COMEDY by William Shakespeare

THE CAST

LEONTES (King of Sicily)		Marie Shalloo
MAMILLIUS (His Son)		Victoria Lavallèe
CAMILLO	Sicilian Lords	Elizabeth Sutton
ANTIGONUS		Margaret O'Connell
CLEOMENES		Mary Conlan
DION		Eileen Carman
PHOCIAN		Dorothy Brabazon
THASIUS		Mary M. O'Connell
PALIXENES (King of Bohemia)		Virginia Cunningham
FLORIZEL (His Son)		Anne Cox
ARCHIDAMUS (A Bohemian Lord)		Marie Donahue
OLD SHEPHERD (Reputed Father of Perdita)		Rita Genna
CLOWN (His Son)		Alice McConville
NEATHHERD		Alice Toomey
AUTALYCUS (A Rogue)		Rita Sherman
GOELER		Helen Garrahan
TIME (As Chorus Interlude)		Rita McArdle
HERMIONE (Queen of Leontes)		Elizabeth Donovan
PERDITA (Daughter to Leontes and Hermione)		Madeleine Dwyer
PAULINA (Wife to Antigonus)		Miriam Cunningham
EMILIA	Ladies attending the Queen	Helen Shaughnessy
LAMIA		Doris Stevens
HERO		Helen Garrahan
MOPSA	Shepherdesses	Katherine Tracy
DORCAS		Doris Stevens

Director: MRS. JOSEPHINE E. HOLMES, B.O.

A. McConville, R. Sherman, M. Dwyer, V. Cunningham, E. Sutton

PART I—IN SICILIA

Scene I The palace of King Leontes in Sicilia
Scene II The Queen's Chamber
Scene III The outer room of a prison
Scene IV Trial of Hermione
Scene V The Seashore during a storm

PART II—BOHEMIA—SIXTEEN YEARS LATER

Scene I Palace of Sicilia
Scene II Gardens of Paulina

Time: Age of the Gods
Place Ancient Greece

DANCERS

Shepherdesses

Mary McManus
Loretta Burgoyne
Eleanor Coppinger
Marie O'Leary
Barbara Norton
Marie Dillon
Alice Freel
Marjorie Carroll
Gertrude McCourt
Dorothy McGarry
Ursula O'Connor
Gertrude McDermott

Satyrs

Janet Ahern
Ruth Monahan
Elsie Grady
Dorothy Golden
Mildred Hickey
Mary Greel
Margaret McDade
Loretta Bailey
Mary McKiernan
Eleanor Flaherty
Leona MacDonnell

GLEE CLUB

Soloist, Margaret M. Madden '40

Members

Marion Mulhern
Marion Quinn
Mary Gahan
Mae Cabeceiras
Kathleen Cournoyer
Lillian Burns
Marion Browne
Patricia Cain
Constance Dever
Angelina Gandalfo
Ruth Williams
Lucille Carey
Rita McNeil
Elizabeth Mahoney
Dorothea Murray
Helen Rogers
Mary Broderick
Margaret Cahill
Mary Deenihan
Louise Forrest
Mary Gilman
Marjorie Sline
Martha Mitten

Class Day

JUNE 2, 1937

Processional	
Bestowal of Senior Banner upon Junior Class	Elizabeth T. Donovan
Presentation of Cap and Gown to Juniors	Helen L. Ryan
Address to the Undergraduates	Helen L. Ryan
Class History	Marguerite M. Leary
Class Prophecy	Marie V. Shalloo
Class Poem	Margaret M. O'Connell
Class Will	M. Helen Shaughnessy
Tree Oration	Mary R. Keefe

Sophomore Daisy Chain Bearers

Elizabeth Boylan
Anne Bric
Mary Buckley
Rosemary Burke
Elizabeth Carroll
Harriette Carson
Mary Conley
Eleanor Corbett
Alice Dervin
Anne Early
Margaret Ford
Ruth Ford
Helen Flynn
Margaret Hagen
Anne Laffin
Viola Maher
Gertrude Morrison
Louise McNamee
Margaret Murphy
Ellen Nolan
Sally O'Connell
Frances Quinn
Katherine Tracy
Irene Wyman

◆

Hoop Rolling—Senior Class

Reception to Seniors by the Sophomore Class

Class Serenading

Tree Oration

The Class of 1937 has implanted this tree as a living momento, upon the campus of Regis College, from which we must now depart. The tree is symbolic. For we, too, are to rise upward from this soil in striving towards God, and to extend strong branches far apart in serving Him.

Seed-time has passed. Soon, the fragrance of spring blossoming and the budding fruit of our first zeal will be fresh memories. There will have come long years, bearing rich foliage to refresh us in the toil and heat of our summer. Then will follow that short period of repose, when our accomplished ideals will enhance the aging tree with the beauteous colors of autumn—after which, the seed will be transplanted in life eternal.

If, one day, our tree does glorify the landscape of Regis College, to what shall we attribute it? There lies one cause before all others. Coursing up from the roots of the tree, through the trunk, to the furthermost bough runs a hidden force, its life-giving nourishment. It is the dynamic power that flows to us from our devoted Sisters. Self-effacing, zeal-inspiring, they have made literally of themselves, the pith and fibre of our class tree.

We as branches may gayly flaunt the beauty of the seasons, but the source remains hidden to all human sight. Cut off from the sap of the tree, which is their spirit, we would become as withered branches, fit only for the burning. Vitally united, we have the strength to grow, and to "bring forth fruit a hundred-fold."

Dear Alma Mater, protect our newly-planted tree, and keep us ever close to the heart of you, your Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mary Rose Keefe

Orator

Bon Voyage '37

Our tide is lapping on the shore,
And fleeting time has paused to-day;
Aloft we raise our hearts once more,
And inward look with sweet dismay.
From whence this sad and quivering heart
Reluctant now to part?

Before us stretch the hilltops high,
The poplars stand serene and tall,
The velvet lawns entice us nigh,
The stately tower yet enthralls.
Then why these sad and tear-filled eyes,
These sudden pent-up sighs?

The parterre step by step we climb,
And longingly we glimpse awhile
The foyer's mirrored calm sublime;
The peaceful hallways too, beguile.
From whence this tenseness in our breasts,
These rending sobs suppressed?

The truest answer lies in you,
Dear Lord, as weary we bow down
Before the altar steps to strew
Young dreams aspiring earthly crown,
And goals achieved in heaven's name;
And sooth we find our bit of fame.

Above the mass we bore our shield
Of Truth, Respect, and Charity;
And in our hearts we sought to wield
Devotion, Love, and Piety.
Ideals we too kept close to heart,
That from God's sight we ne'er would part.

Our chapel will receive anew,
When as a class again we'll meet,
The valiant hopes we've held in view
In struggles, strife, and in defeat.
And all will laud with sweet delight
The Virgin Mary—Our Beacon Light.

Let not grow limp these gathered flow'rs,
Our crew on the unchartered sea;
But bend in unison our pow'rs
Of loyalty, dear Lord, to Thee.
Though some with fame will keep astride,
May inward peace in all abide.

Thus Regis truths will churn the waves,
And Thirty-Seven's anchors lift;
The priceless pearls with which we paved
Our hold will never let us drift.
On deck, we feel the wind's caress;
Our port—Eternal Happiness.

MARGARET M.O'CONNELL '37

Author

Senior Festival

JUNE 3, 1937

***General Chairman*, Virginia M. Cunningham**

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Alice R. Torphy
Anne T. Cox
Doris A. Roberts
Marguerite R. Chartier
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Chairman of Publicity, Elizabeth T. Donovan

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1937

Degree Day

June 4, 1937

Academic Procession
The Reverend Edward F. Dowd, S.T.D., Marshal

Chorus
Gloria — *Buzzi-Peccia*

Presentation of Candidates for Degrees
The Reverend Arthur J. Riley, Ph.D.

Conferring of Degrees
The Right Reverend Francis L. Phelan, S.T.L., LL.D.

Address to Graduates
The Reverend Michael J. Ahern, S.J.

To the Class of 1937

As far as the Catholic woman is concerned, higher education for women is not a matter of the last half century; but it is co-terminous with emancipation of women which Christianity gave to the world. All through the early centuries of the Church the convent school was the custodian of education for women as was the monastery for men. Women could study in many of the universities of the Middle Ages; and in those countries which remained true to the See of Peter, they still studied, and some of them taught, in the schools of higher learning. The graduates of Regis College come, then, because they are of the household of the Faith, into their ancient birthright of Catholic culture. May they be constantly and increasingly worthy of this precious heritage. There is no finer, no more precious wealth this side of eternity.

The Reverend Michael J. Ahern, S.J.

Commencement Speaker

Degree Day

June 4, 1937

Conferring of Degrees

The Right Reverend Francis L. Phelan, LL.D.

Monsignor Phelan

Alma Mater

High on the hilltop in sunshine and shadow
E'er tenderly guarding the lives 'neath your care,
Fostering goodness in hearts that are grateful
Our dear Alma Mater, attend our fond prayer.
Hold all our memories safe in your keeping,
And hallow our dreams of the future's bright hours;
Dear Alma Mater, e'er watching and waiting,
We twine in our hearts for you undying flowers.

Peace like an angel wing hovers around us;
In sorrow and laughter its clear light we see,
Regis, our dear Alma Mater, we bless you
And faithful to you and your standards we'll be.
Hold all our memories safe in your keeping,
And hallow our dreams of the future's bright hours.
Dear Alma Mater, e'er watching and waiting,
We twine in our hearts for you undying flowers.

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This volume is no exception. The staff has worked long and diligently in order to make it an interesting record of the class and school.

It has been our privilege to assist in the publication of the book, working in close association with the members of the board. We wish to take this opportunity to thank them for their co-operation and to congratulate them on the results of their labors.

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